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## THE BETTER WAY.

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## THE ROSTRUM.

### Questions and Answers.

Extracts from Answers by Walter Howell, to  
Questions, at Memorial Hall, Cincinnati,  
Sunday, November 25, 1888, for the Congrega-  
tion of the Society of Union Spiritualists

### INVOCATION.

Infinite Spirit! Source of all light,  
all wisdom and purest love (or by what-  
ever name we may address thee), we  
thank thee for the possibility of eternal  
advancement that may be evolved from  
our being, and therefore beseech thee to  
let the sunlight of thy wisdom rest upon us  
to fructify the germ within, that we  
may unfold in soul. To those who weep  
or over whom the cloud of adversity  
rains, and in their bitterness cry: "Oh,  
Father, hast thou forsaken me?" let the  
morning light of immortality shine.  
Cheer the disconsolate and let the igno-  
rant be endowed with wisdom, so as to  
unfold the kingdom of heaven within  
each. In this way let thy will be done  
on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

"Must mediumship be inborn, or can  
one person convey mediumistic powers  
to another?"

In a universal sense every man and  
every woman is a medium, only that  
some persons manifest mediumistic  
power to a higher degree or more in-  
tensely than others. But there are in-  
dividuals born with an organism espe-  
cially adapted for medium purposes, and  
when environed by physical and psy-  
chical conditions suitable to its growth,  
may be exemplified from earliest in-  
fancy. When an organism is not  
especially adapted for mediumship  
though a possibility exists by which  
such can be unfolded. Good surround-  
ings with a desire for the same, or sit-  
ting with a mesmeriser or magnetiser  
can induce or aid it. Those who have  
the power of healing are also suitable to  
aid development. But it is not in the  
power of any developing medium to  
make organic changes in the being; all  
that can be done is to awaken the in-  
herent powers and bring them to the sur-  
face.

Mediumship, in its more marked  
phase is an inborn quality and cannot  
be given to any embodied mortal. The  
gifts of the spirit are given to those  
whom they fit, physically and spiritual-  
ly considered, and originate from the  
source whence man comes, thus can  
only be awakened as he ripens in spiri-  
tuality, or unfold itself through him as  
he becomes receptive to the influx of  
spirit into his being. In this respect all  
may become mediums without special  
effort to force it, as all persons are spiri-  
tually allied to the spiritual world, and  
as the spiritual side of our nature un-  
folds itself, or is permitted to unfold by  
tempering the material, the spiritual  
function or faculties begin to manifest  
themselves naturally, and in gradations  
according to individual unfoldment as  
immortal beings.

"What is the difference between the  
powers possessed by disembodied spirits  
and the embodied mortal?"  
There is not a spiritualistic phenom-  
enon manifested to-day that could not or

may not be a product of a developed em-  
bodied spirit as an exhibition of force or  
physical phenomena, only that spirits  
who have unfolded to the same degree  
have the advantage over mortals in be-  
ing advanced beyond the limitations  
that encircle human beings.

Knowledge is power by virtue of be-  
ing able to utilize it, and spirits who do  
not know how to exercise their powers  
are inferior to mortals who do know  
how. But with certain advantages that  
spirits have over mortals they do some-  
times accomplish feats without under-  
standing the modus operandi of the  
same, and by simply imitating the ex-  
ample of others, where mortals under  
the same circumstances would prove  
unsuccessful. In this respect the former  
may be said to possess superior powers  
to yours, and principally because con-  
ditions favor them in having a wider  
field of operations, and being freed from  
the material which would otherwise  
hamper them in the exercise of their  
spiritual powers. But they learn by ex-  
perience in this manner as you would in  
a material way after having accom-  
plished something which you never pre-  
viously attempted. Thus the only differ-  
ence may be said to exist in the  
experience which a spirit on the same  
plane with a mortal has had over the  
latter. Otherwise the psychological po-  
tency of an advanced mortal is far  
superior to that of spirits in spheres be-  
low him, and he too may exercise it  
for a lesser or greater effect according to  
experience and a knowledge of psychic  
laws, and often unwittingly, only real-  
izing later what he has accomplished in  
this manner.

"Will the control of the speaker de-  
scribe his death and entrance into the  
spirit world, and how received?"

Friends, I passed from the world of  
mortals to the home of the immortals,  
and the process of dying may be thus  
expressed:

Old age ripened me for the light be-  
yond, and I reclined upon my couch,  
gathering its drapery around me to  
sleep—to sleep and yet not to sleep, but  
to be awakened by the loved ones on the  
sunny shore of immortality.

The disease which took me off was  
accompanied by acute pains, but the  
moment death came all pain ceased,  
and I felt a gradual withdrawal of the  
vital energy from the extremities of my  
body. Hands and feet became numb;  
then a coldness, and finally insensibil-  
ity to feeling.

The energy of the body seemed to  
concentrate itself to the heart and brain.  
By the time my spiritual body was  
withdrawn (as the hand from a glove)  
and rising into the atmosphere of a su-  
perior condition, I found the process  
easy and transition without difficulty.

By degrees sight, hearing and sensa-  
tion generally returned, while those of  
the human became dimmed, and ulti-  
mately as the exchange was effectuated,  
upon the newly evolved tympanum of  
the spiritual ear seraphic vibrations of  
heavenly music was heard, beautiful  
scapes greeted the eyes, and forms of  
those I loved were photographed upon  
them. I felt myself absorbed in the  
new state, and at first bewildered, until  
my soul began to realize its situation—  
then methought: O death where is thy  
victory, oh grave where is thy sting?  
I stood triumphant over death in the  
light of heaven. It was not a king of  
terror, but an angel of light who had  
unlocked the prison doors of material-  
ity and opened with the key of love  
the portals to everlasting happiness and  
peace.

The introduction to my loved ones,  
and the fond embraces I received are  
far beyond a possible description. But  
it was a love that I had previously un-  
folded in earth life and here only ex-  
perienced in its intensified form as a  
beautiful reward of past labors. For  
thought I found a larger scope, and be-  
fore long knew more than I desired—a  
result of earth's battling with the ma-  
terial and for the spiritual. But my  
thoughts grow dim in my endeavor to  
enlighten you, as language will not

portray the purely spiritual or the joys  
I feel, and therefore I can but say,  
be just, be kind, be pure, and all will  
meet again where sweet peace and  
happiness reign supreme.

"Who and where is God?"

Humanity in the measurement of  
matter, has been ascending the spiral  
pathway through the vista of ages in  
search of God. On the pilgrimage men  
have recognized something definite in the  
rock masses, the forests, the ocean, the  
rivers, the flowers and the sun, and  
thus filled the Pantheon with Gods. But  
in the progress of the human soul, we  
find these deifications becoming beauti-  
fully less, until finally the existence of  
a God is denied entirely by a class of  
people whom the church denounces as  
infidels. Now, an honest infidel, who  
denies the existence of a God and does  
right, is superior in every respect to one  
who pretends to know all about God,  
and then remains infidel to every car-  
dinal principle of divine nature. The  
former is nearer to God than the latter,  
and though he may not comprehend  
him, he may apprehend him intuitively.  
The only faculty through which man can  
register the existence of a deity, and  
which condition of the soul can only be  
attained by being just, unpretentious  
and pure-minded. Through the aid of  
intuition and philosophic reasoning we  
have realized that we are surrounded by  
an eternal or unceasing energy, which,  
as part of our own nature, aids us to  
progress, and in which effects we see a  
divine origin or cause. Not only in our  
own being, but through intuition we  
are enabled to see the handwriting of  
God throughout the universe of matter,  
and thus interpret that which speech is  
unable to effect.

The bible says, only the pure in heart  
will see God, and Job claims to have  
seen him. But Job passed through  
many trials and tribulations before this  
was possible, and proves a suggestive  
incident. So all may see him, but not  
as a personality. Though attaining an-  
gelhood, no personal deity presents it-  
self, and none see him except through  
his manifestations, and which, as a  
wonderful series of effects, proves a  
wonderful power behind it—the eternal  
energy intuitively and philosophically  
known to exist. Being infinite we can  
never gain but a relative comprehension  
of this power, although ever widening  
in range. But by moral energy we go  
forward and continually increase in our  
conception of it, and thus form a closer  
relationship with it; and in comparison  
to the latter we may truly feel that we  
are communing with God.

### BENEDICTION.

And now may the sweet light of pa-  
radisical splendor wreath each brow  
with hope of the joys of immortality, so  
that when the time comes they will be  
happy to go to that home, not made  
with hands, eternal in the heavens.  
Amen.

"The Bible in the Light of Modern  
Thought," was the subject chosen for  
the evening's discourse, and, although  
more timely for the liberal platform  
than the one occupied by the speaker,  
it was interesting by way of a change,  
and undoubtedly extremely so to those  
in search of light other than that dis-  
pensed by even the most liberal reli-  
gious organization, from the fact that  
no delicacy was exercised in tell-  
ing what was true and what was not  
true regarding the book called the bible.  
Not that it was in any degree treated  
with levity or disrespect, or an attempt  
made to annihilate or discard it alto-  
gether, but simply opened and displayed  
in its true light to those who may have  
been, without judgment or afterthought,  
reading it, built their life's philosophy  
on it, and took much for granted, there-  
by overlooking the inconsistencies and  
contradictions that occur throughout  
the entire compilation.

But, not to overlook its merits, nor to  
permit a too hasty subsequence by those  
who may not understand the meanings  
in the bible, or who may have formed  
unwarranted conclusions concerning the  
same, its beauties were also elucidated  
to the extent that such was possible.

Even granting that all its historical  
claims should some day be overthrown,  
it would still live as a valuable reposi-  
tory of antique manuscript or ancient  
relic, and an exhibition of the rise of re-  
ligion in the world, showing the possi-  
bilities in man as far as the develop-  
ment of moral principles are concerned,  
and taking pattern after some of its  
characters by which to be guided.  
There are many other good books in the  
world characterizing human existences  
which are known to be mythical  
productions, and still are held in high  
esteem as examples worthy to be  
imitated. Then why not pay due  
respect to those who may have possi-  
bly existed, even though we  
can obtain no definite facts concerning  
the time of their sojourn in mortal  
life. The true spiritual meanings in the  
bible are but, comparatively, little  
understood, and will require a more  
general unfoldment of spirituality be-  
fore a thorough analysis of them  
can be obtained. Of course geology  
and astronomy has proved much to be  
unreasonable and fabulous, but its phi-  
losophic truths can never be erased;  
some of them will live forever, and  
may find application to every age of  
human development. But when we  
are expected to accept the whole or  
none, as some demand, we would rather  
have none, and establish our own  
philosophy by aid of our reasoning  
powers, and gather from the light of  
modern thought the pearls that are  
equally as sublime, as those of past  
ages, and through individual develop-  
ment rise above all human authority,  
thus freeing ourselves from the thra-  
dom of a limited and questionable  
means of salvation.

As for its revelations, some of which  
may be termed veiled, they are  
darksome and mystical, while God and  
nature have still a great deal more to  
reveal than has ever been revealed yet.  
But the time has arrived when man  
should realize the truth, for the revela-  
tions of to-day foretell the dawn of a  
new dispensation, which shall lead man  
to a higher intellectual and moral  
achievement, and awaken the potent  
allies that slumber within him.

His reasons for leaving the Spiritual-  
ist rostrum and connecting himself  
with the Unitarian church, Mr. Howell  
stated in the morning, was mainly due  
to pecuniary necessity. Having for the  
past twelve years been a homeless wan-  
derer, without hope of definite estab-  
lishment, he finds that he must go  
where he is sustained, though he does  
it with regret, and not as a denying  
Peter or a betraying Judas. There is not  
the slightest change as to his principles,  
his belief or his knowledge as a Spiritu-  
alist, and under those conditions only  
he enters that body. The Unitarian  
church claims to be broad, have no  
creeds and permits every man to think  
as he pleases, and so he claims that  
right. Although not yet quite certain  
if the affiliation will be affectuated, he  
hopes that if it follows, he will carry  
the sympathy of every true Spiritualist  
with him, as his earnest and only de-  
sire is to do the best according to his  
ability, and will always remain a true  
friend to mediums wherever they may  
be found.

Written for The Better Way.

As I See It.

BY R. N.

Much has been said on the religious  
aspect of Spiritualism, and it is remark-  
able that every one speaks of it as they  
would like it to be. It reminds me of  
the common saying, "the wish is father  
to the thought." One can judge of the  
previous character of the individual by  
the position he takes on this subject.

The infidel convinced of the facts of  
Spiritualism is infidel as much as ever,  
and amongst that class of Spiritualists  
we find opposition to Christianity, the  
bible and religion. I do not speak of  
the infidel in this connection as a term  
of reproach, because, like all others, he  
is safe in proportion to his obedience to  
the laws of his being. But it is natu-  
ral to expect that he would not want Spiritu-  
alism to be called a religion.

On the other hand, religionists come  
into Spiritualism with the all absorb-  
ing thought of religion in their mind and  
there is nothing more natural than for  
them to call it a religion, or to think of  
it in its religious aspect. Without go-  
ing into a strict analysis of the subject  
I would say that it is as well to allow it  
to be accounted under the head of re-  
ligion so that in the matter of organiza-  
tions, and meetings, Spiritualists may  
be entitled to the same privileges under  
the law as other religious communities.

But when we come to examine the  
subject we must first find out what re-  
ligion is, and what Spiritualism is, and  
then see their relation, one to the  
other.

Religion is recognized by all advanced  
thinkers as an element in man's nature.  
One writer beautifully describes it as  
"that worshipful element of the soul  
that ever pays homage to all good  
things. That in weakness prays to the  
power that it believes to be stronger  
than itself. It is that element that  
recognizes God in life. The savage has  
it, the sage has it, the little child has  
it, all have it, and each uses it accord-  
ing to educational bias." Theodore  
Parker says, "Religion is voluntary  
obedience to the laws of God, inward  
and outward obedience to that law  
which He has written in our nature, re-  
vealed in various ways through instinct,  
reason, conscience, and religious emo-  
tions. . . . In some men religion is a  
continual growth. They are always in  
harmony with God."

"Silently and unconsciously, erect as  
a palm tree they grow up to the mea-  
sure of a man. To them reason and re-  
ligion are of the same birth. They are  
born saints, aborigines of heaven. Be-  
twixt their idea of life and their fact of  
life, there has at no time been a gulf."  
Emerson has the same idea, but he  
says, and I think very truthfully, that  
"in some the religious element is so far  
back that it may be said to be not yet  
born."

The whole secret of conversion or be-  
ing born again is the development of  
the religious element hitherto lying dor-  
mant but still there, otherwise it could  
not be developed. It is the same as  
persons having mediumistic faculties  
undeveloped.

Man made in the image of God is  
destined to progress towards God, and  
become more and more like Him, and  
work like Him as Jesus said: "My  
Father worked hitherto and I work." Religion  
is the great potential means to  
this end, therefore it is the indispen-  
sible duty of every one to cultivate the  
religious element—the divinity in their  
nature in order to fulfill the end of  
their being.

Spiritualism in its modern phase  
would be better expressed by the term  
Spiritualism because it differs from that  
of the past only in the fact that spirit-  
ualistic communications are now  
known to come from departed individ-  
ual spirits, and there are too many  
whose whole attention is given to phe-  
nomena while they neglect the precious  
truths which the spirits can bring when  
sought for in the proper way, and which  
entitles it to the name of Spiritualism.  
But we will not beset ourselves about the  
use of terms so we can get at facts and  
principles. I have a strong impression  
that spiritual phenomena is the same  
throughout all time and in every place.  
But when man was ignorant of the law  
of nature and the powers and possibi-  
lities invested in himself, he imagined  
that all phenomena was produced by the  
fiat of God.

But I think that every reasoning  
mind will admit that the spiritual phe-  
nomena which occurred on the day of  
Pentecost was the same as that which  
occurs to-day under similar circumstan-  
ces. The followers of Jesus the Christ  
were waiting at Jerusalem in obedience  
to the command of their departed leader  
when the spirit which he had prom-  
ised came upon them as it does now,  
and they spoke in different languages  
as the mediums do to-day and the nu-  
merous strangers from different coun-  
tries assembled at the feast of Pentecost,  
heard them speak in their own lan-  
guage the wonderful works of God. I  
have always believed, and now strenu-  
ously maintain, that these spiritual gifts  
and powers were a constituent element  
in the Christian religion, that they were  
lost through the gross anti-christian  
materialism of the church when in the  
dark ages she laid Spiritualism aside  
in her thirst for wealth and political  
powers, and became Anti-christ, and  
that modern Spiritualism is a revival of  
the last and most vital part of Christi-  
anity as it existed in the first centuries  
of the Christian era, and that if the  
church had remained loyal to the pre-  
cepts of him who said: "My Kingdom  
is not of this world" there would now  
have been no spirit-grab-

bling or hunting for fraudulent ghosts  
with dark lanterns, or asking for tests,  
but listening to inspired teachers in ev-  
ery church, seeking to us in our own  
language, the wonderful works of God.  
And I venture to make the prediction  
that the time is not far distant when  
the trance speaker will be given the  
hand of fellowship in such religious as-  
semblies as make themselves worthy of  
it, and the old obsolete doctrine of  
"communion of saints" so long neg-  
lected will be revived.

But, if Spiritualists do not live more  
spiritually than many of them do now,  
they may bring upon the world that  
spiritual darkness which it suffered in  
the middle ages which I pray God to  
forbid.

And, now we want no more taunting  
about making Spiritualism a tail to the  
Christian kite. You can never, never,  
win this battle till you come clad in the  
pure armor of truth, the whole  
truth and nothing but the truth, no  
matter what your proclivities may be,  
or how much you may want to have  
your own way, and do as you please,  
and live as you list. No system of re-  
ligion or philosophy is of any use to us  
unless it makes us wiser and better, and  
raises us higher in the scale of human  
progress. This will apply to Spiritu-  
alism the same as to anything else, and  
therefore, the benefits arising from it  
depend upon the use we make of it. In  
this respect it is liable to the same ab-  
uses as Christianity.

Clean hands and a pure heart are the  
requisites of a true and acceptable wor-  
shipper, and it is no less so to him who  
approaches the spiritual medium and  
the reverse of this is the cause of so  
many failures as are made.

One of our best mediums told me of  
a woman who came to her and with  
more hauteur than was consistent with  
common decency demanded a reading.  
The medium being an excellent clair-  
audient heard the words, "Ask her if  
she ever did any good," and while she  
hesitated the same words were repeat-  
ed. Not wishing to give offence she  
asked to be excused saying she did not  
think she could give her satisfaction,  
but the woman insisted and the medium  
began by saying: "Well, I suppose  
you have been endeavoring to do all  
you could to make others happy for  
that is what we Spiritualists are taught  
to do." "No!" said the indignant wo-  
man, "I never do anything for any  
body but myself and my own family,  
and that is all I ever want to do." The  
medium said, "that is just what the spir-  
its tell me." It is needless to say she  
went away both disappointed and an-  
gry.

That same medium was approached  
by a man who claimed to be a Spiritu-  
alist and a lecturer and knew it all. His  
conditions were so revolting, that she  
refused to sit for him. He was profane,  
sensual and selfish, and one of those  
iconoclastic rangers who would tear  
down all the churches, burn the bible,  
and destroy every thing but build up  
nothing.

What such people want to do with  
Spiritualism, is beyond my comprehen-  
sion, when they willingly and willfully  
ignore the very first and plainest prin-  
ciples of spiritual life. Whoever tries  
to fight against God is sure to get  
whipped.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 22, 1888.

Written for The Better Way.

### Practical Lessons

Are constantly passing before us, as we  
may discover by noting events and  
sayings. If we bring ourselves in har-  
mony with our surroundings we will  
find much pleasant study.

One Sunday morning I overheard  
the remark: "Rain or shine, day in and  
day out, that Mrs. S. (referring to a la-  
dy passing,) goes to church. I believe  
she is a good woman, a devout  
Catholic."

This is all good, a gifted right in na-  
ture from which she draws comfort, but  
I hope to see the day when there shall  
be no contrast as to religion being sepa-  
rated from any movement, act, deed or  
action, for whatever it may be, the  
struggle to advance from that position,  
Sunday or week day is religious. One  
who goes faithfully to work every morn-  
ing of the week is consecrating the  
great church of nature as much as the  
one who goes to hear a sermon on Sun-  
day morning. One creating food for  
thought, the other food for the body.  
Both essential to the other, neither be-  
ing able or possible to part company.

There is not one earthly thing, no  
matter how it may stand, that is not  
full of religious motives that only re-  
quires a great, passive mind to uncover  
it to yourself and your friends, and it  
comes to all like the warm sun's rays  
through a breaking cloud, on a cool  
morning, making the little dew drops  
of reason all the more sparkling.

A STUDENT OF NATURE.  
CINCINNATI, Oct. '88.



## An Authentic Ghost Story.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

My Grandfather (said the narrator of the story, an old and highly esteemed friend) died at the age of eighty, after a long, useful and measurably happy life; and he went to the grave with the immovable conviction that he once saw a supernatural appearance; in other words, that the spirit of a departed friend had appeared to his sight.

I have often heard him relate this singular affair; and though I was, when he died, a young collegian, with a profound opinion of my own acquirements and a general contempt for the ignorance or superstition of those who professed a belief in visitations from the spirit world; yet the serious, thoughtful manner of my grandfather whenever telling this incident of his life, and the knowledge that he honestly believed that what had appeared to him was indeed a spectre of his friend, have ever caused me to treat this particular ghost story with respect. I may say this much, and still claim that my grandfather was laboring under some hallucination or optical delusion upon the occasion. He himself always stoutly maintained that he was perfectly calm at the time, and in his usual robust health; and that the delusion, under the circumstances, was simply impossible.

I should also say that he was a man of strong mind, not at all given to the exercise of imagination, and that prior to this occurrence he was an avowed unbeliever in the appearance of disembodied spirits to mortal eyes. With this introduction, I offer this narrative, putting it in my own language, in order that I may abbreviate it.

My grandfather passed succinctly through the common school, the high school and the college at G—, where he was born and reared. He had proposed to follow a profession, but his father having emigrated to the far West some years before his graduation, and dying there, left considerable property in land and buildings which required oversight; and the presence of the only surviving son being imperatively needed there to settle up the estate, my grandfather reluctantly abandoned his project, and like a good son and brother, devoted the best years of his early manhood to the care and support of his mother and his two minor sisters. I may say, in passing, that the path of duty proved in the end the way to wealth and comfort for him, and that, independent of the all sufficient reason which he found in a sense of duty, he never regretted the removal from G— and the consequent relinquishment of his plans and purposes.

But there were those at G—who did regret it, and none more keenly than Arthur Marley, his chum, his roommate, in short, his bosom friend. The intimacy had begun at school, when neither of them was more than ten years old; had continued through their collegiate course, and was closer at the time of separation than ever before.

There was a striking contrast physically, between the two. My grandfather was tall and broad-shouldered, almost burly in form, with full, florid face and the most robust health; while Marley was rather under-sized, slender in body and limb, with a pale, sickly face, and a pair of eyes that burned with intellectual fire of almost preternatural brilliancy. Their friendship had begun while they were mere boys, having its origin in the heartiness with which my grandfather came forward to champion the other against the petty tyrannies of the bullies of the school; and as they grew up together, the very differences in their bodily and mental organization served to draw them together. Marley was a profound and indefatigable student, and had a rare sweetness of disposition and a zealous attachment for the few he loved. My ancestor, although less in intellect and scholarship than Marley, had a cool, correct judgment, and a knowledge of men which the other lacked, and also a firm will. It may be seen from this imperfect outline that the two were unusually adapted to make a close and enduring friendship, since the defects of body and mind of the one were so well supplied by the other. And their friendship was of the warmest and truest kind; it was one of those rare and beautiful attachments which do honor to the heads and hearts of men.

"I don't think that Damon and Pythias could have loved each other better than Arthur Marley and I did," was my grandfather's habitual expression, in speaking of it. And it conveys more than I can in any other language.

It must have been a terrible shock to Marley when he learned what my grandfather's new plans in life were. He was inconsolable for a whole day at the idea of parting, and though he soon saw that his friend could in honor and duty to his own kin do nothing else than he proposed to do, he did not cease to deplore the necessity which parted them until the sorrowful moment arrived.

"It is very hard to lose you, Charley," he said, "after my mind has settled down to the delightful prospect of three years of professional study with you, and after that, who knows but we might have associated together in business for life? And now you are going to spoil all of this by burying yourself away off in the wilds of the West, where I may never see you again."

"It is hard, Arthur," my grandfather would respond, "but you know the adage, 'Man proposes—God disposes.'"

"It is so hard to let you go!" the poor boy would persist. "All my relatives are dead, and you are the only one I care a straw about. I don't feel complete without you, Charley. I do want you by me to lean on over the rough ways of life, and I shall feel half dead when you are gone."

My grandfather was deeply pained himself at the near prospect of a separation, and much affected by the grief of his friend; and he cheered him as well as he could by telling him that they would meet again soon, and that he should set at an early day for his friend to visit him in his Western home.

"Do you believe in presentiments?" "I can't say that I do," was the reply.

"I do however; and I have had one of unusual force and clearness for the past week. It is that we two shall never meet again in the flesh, after to-morrow."

"Stuff!" said my grandfather. "You'll see me on my farm in a year from now."

"I believe what I have told you," Marley quietly but firmly persisted, "that we shall never meet again, as men. I know very well, my dear friend, that you utterly disregard the supernatural in this life, and laugh at post-mortem apparitions. I, on the contrary, firmly believe in them, and I believe that if you and I should now solemnly agree that the one who first dies shall appear to the other in the same friendly aspect that we now bear, the compact would be fulfilled."

"What nonsense!" "What nonsense!" Will you promise with me?" "I see no harm in making the promise," said the other, laughing, "always providing that I am permitted to come."

"Give me your hand on that."

So they shook hands over the agreement, my grandfather jocosely, and Marley, as he always said, with the most sorrowful face he ever saw.

For three years after the removal of my relative to the West, he corresponded quite regularly with Marley. He had addressed himself resolutely to the settlement of his father's estate; and finding it much involved, and threatened with foreclosures which he knew would be disastrous, he went to work to clear off the land, and manufacture timber from the wilderness. With a great deal of perseverance, and after many discouragements, he succeeded in getting a small sawmill in operation; and this was the beginning of a business which ultimately relieved the land debt and enriched him to his heart's content. There was a great deal of hard work done, and a great deal of roughing about; but at the end of three years he was fairly launched upon the tide of prosperity, and he knew that all he wished to do would be done in half a score more of years, if his life and health was spared.

Arthur had not visited him at the end of the first year, as he had anticipated, nor at the end of the second. He wrote that he was studying hard for his diploma in a university of medicine, and that, hard as it was to wait, he had succeeded in persuading himself that it would be better for him to defer the longed for visit until he could come with his degree, ready to settle in his friend's neighborhood, if there seemed to be an opening. My grandfather wrote back heartily assenting to the proposition, and assuring Marley that he was quite sure he could find an advantageous practice there. This matter being settled to their mutual satisfaction, their correspondence was continued in the same friendly and loving spirit that had characterized their association at G—.

The time appointed by Arthur for his coming was drawing nigh. He was expected to arrive about the end of July, and it was now the first of the month. My ancestor's mother and sisters had the necessary preparations almost completed, as he had requested them to be timely with them.

"It is just like Arthur to get over impatient, and surprise us three weeks in advance," he said. "I shouldn't wonder to have him walk in here any day."

But that he really did not expect his friend's arrival much short of the time is evidenced by the fact that on one Sabbath morning, the 8th of July, as he distinctly remembered, he sat down in his room to write him a letter. The mails were slow of transit in those days of stage coach and canal boat, and full two weeks would be required for this letter to reach its destination. He had dated the sheet and written "Dear Arthur," when he became aware of another person in the room.

The chamber where he sat, I should explain, was at the head of the main stairs, which were quite wide. The door leading out of the room was closed, and there were no other means of ingress except by the windows, which were fifteen feet from the ground.

I say he became aware of the presence of another person in the room; how he became aware of it he himself could not explain. Nor do I think this alone would be any indication of supernatural influence; for it is within the actual experience of most of us that the presence of a human being behind us will be often detected by us in some mysterious way, with no help of eyes, ears, or the sense of touch. My grandfather sat with his writing table against the window, which he faced as he sat, and with his back to the door. With the half-formed thought that his younger sister, a mischievous spirit, had softly entered to frighten him (although he had heard no sound whatever), he abruptly turned half round in his chair.

Not six feet from him, about one-half way between him and the door, stood Arthur Marley. He was habited very much as he used to be three years before; his face was thin and pale, and his eyes brilliant as then. His face wore a sweet, yet a most sad smile, and the look that my relative encountered was one of the most yearning tenderness.

"Why, Arthur, God bless you, my boy!" my grandmother cried, jumping up. "I thought you'd steal a march on us, and here you are. Welcome, with all my heart!"

He advanced as he spoke, holding forth his hand. To his astonishment, the figure receded as he moved toward it. He paused; it paused; he advanced again; it receded. Continuing to approach it; he saw it retire before him, without the motion of a person walking, but with a noiseless, wavy motion; and with the same expression upon its face, it vanished before his eyes.

Not until then did the thought possess my grandfather's mind that he was visited by a supernatural apparition; and when that idea presented itself, immediately upon the strange disappearance of the figure, the recollection of his compact with Marley, three years before, at once occurred to him. He had no right, either during the appearance of the presence or after it had gone, but that he was amazed and awestruck he always admitted. Yet he thought that four strokes of the pendulum could not have been told after its disappearance before his sister rushed breathless into the room.

"Has Mr. Marley come, Charley?" was her eager question. "No. Why do you ask?" he stammered.

"Well, who was it just came out of this room and down stairs? I met him on the stairs, and he didn't even look at me; and I thought he went about very queer, without making any noise."

"In God's name, what did it look like?" the startled brother exclaimed.

In the fewest possible words the girl described the mysterious figure that had just quitted the chamber.

My grandfather rushed out of the room and down the stairs. He searched the outside and the inside of the house, and although two or three persons were standing so that they must have seen the entrance into, or exit from the house by either front or rear doors, of any person, they solemnly declared that they had seen no such figure as he described. It was seen only by him and his sister.

The feelings and emotions of my grandfather after this apparition I will not attempt to describe; I will merely say as he said, that he was fully prepared for the tidings of the death of his friend that reached him about three weeks after. The mournful news came in a letter from a classmate who resided at G—.

"Poor Arthur," it said, "died with your name on his lips. He was full of the expectation of seeing you soon, and in unusual health and spirits, when, on the evening of the 7th of July, he was attacked by a malignant fever that has been raging here. The best medical help could do nothing for him; he grew rapidly worse during the night, and expired about eight o'clock. He talked of you continually, and hardly a minute before he breathed his last, he whispered in my ear:—

"I shall see dear Charley a great deal quicker now, but maybe I'll not be able to speak to him. Do you write to him and tell him that I blessed him with my last words."

"Poor fellow, I suppose his head was wandering, though nothing but his talk would have shown it. We all sympathize deeply with you."

My grandfather uniformly concluded the story much in these words:—

"If any one asks me whether I have any doubt that the spiritual part of my friend visited me, in fulfillment of his promise, immediately upon its separation from the body, I answer no, not the slightest. It was seen by two witnesses, my sister and myself, at different places, at different times, and by each unknown to the other. To doubt, under all the circumstances of the case, would be to trifle with an irresistible conclusion. I cannot explain it, any more than I can explain the mystery of the future state itself. I can only point to my dying friend, with his strong, passionate yearning to be with me, and say, 'With God nothing is impossible.'"

## Margaret Fox Kane.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

We are inclined to think Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane is mistaken in her judgment in her "expose" of Spiritualism, wherein she says: "I have been the beginning of it." We have the historical record of many important spiritual manifestations occurring before her time. But where was this Margaret Fox on the night of March 31, 1848? History says that on that night "Mrs. Fox took her children (including Margaret of course) and went to a neighbor's house, and Mr. Fox and his neighbor, to the number of seventy or eighty persons, remained to question, as best they could, their mysterious visitor by the knocks." They soon succeeded in opening communication with the unseen intelligence, and with more satisfactory and wonderful results than any that had occurred in the presence of Kate and Margaret.

And now since Modern Spiritualism dates from the occurrences in the hamlet of Hydesville, New York, March 31, 1848, and if Margaret Fox was not then and there present, it would be well for her to reconsider her statement that she was "The beginning of it." It seems that in those days de-car-nated spirits could and did communicate with mortals through other mediumship than that of the Fox sisters. The wonderful phenomena occurring from 1844 to 1848, through the clairvoyant and inspirational medium in the family of Dr. Larkin, at Wrentham, Mass., is sufficient to show the fallacy of Margaret's claim that she was "the beginning of Spiritualism." These manifestations were suppressed by persecution and imprisonment, while the Hydesville phenomena were successful in working their way in the world, until millions have learned the comforting truth that "If a man dies he shall live again."

Maggie now says Spiritualism is a fraud. A most successful and stupendous fraud it must be that has extended itself over all the earth, and beguiled the greatest minds of the world. We have learned to love this "fraud." Redolent of joy and consolation is the intercourse with beloved spirit friends. It brings a satisfaction and delight which its enemies can never realize this side of Jordan. It is a glorious revelation from the spirit-world without a doubt in the minds of those who have fairly investigated it. What is more desirable than to know that our friends and kindred gone before still live and love us on a higher and broader plane of being and that all mankind shall continue to live and progress eternally?

I wish to say to Mrs. Fox-Kane: We pity you in your present situation, but we hold you in grateful remembrance in the days of your childhood, for the part you acted in ushering in the glorious light and knowledge of immortality, which has gladdened the hearts of millions of earth's inhabitants. We meet once each year in general assembly to celebrate the great event of spirit communion so intimately connected with our childhood and then we make honorable mention of your name, and we may continue this custom for ages in the future. We know of no Anniversary occasion, in point of magnitude and importance to mortal humanity, surpassing that of the 31st of March, held in commemoration of the Dawning Light of Modern Spiritualism.

A. H. NICHOLAS.  
Fairmount, Kansas.

## MINOR TROUBLES

HE LOVED HER.  
She—"Do you love me?"  
He (Professor of Slang at Harvard)—  
"Do I care a rhinoceros' twitter?"  
She—"Oh, darling!"—Town Topics.

HURT HIS FEELINGS.  
"There you go!" she whispered savagely, as he rose from his seat at the end of the third act; "another cocktail, I suppose?"  
"No, Mary, you wrong me," he returned, earnestly; "it's straight whisky this time."—Puck.

THINKING CAPS.  
"I cannot give you a definite answer to-night, Mr. Paperwate," said the girl, softly; "you must give me a month to think it over."  
"Very well," was the young man's response, "and in the meantime I can think it over myself."—Life.

TIME BRINGS CHANGES.  
Husband (whose wife has been reproving him for smoking in her presence)—"You often used to say, before we were married, 'Oh, George, I do so love the odor of a good cigar.'"  
Wife—"Yes, that sort of thing is part of a young lady's capital."—Times.

STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL.  
Elsie—"Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor and a lovely fellow, but he is awfully absent-minded."  
Ada—"Indeed!"  
Elsie—"Only fancy. During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to hang out my tongue."—Town Topics.

NOT A COMPLETE WRECK.  
Mrs. Lott—"And has nothing been saved from the wreck?"  
Job Lott (tragically)—"Nothing! Absolutely nothing—except my honest name!"

MR. LOTT—"H'm! With that and the trifling assistance of the property you transferred to me three months ago, maybe we can start again."—Puck.

A CRUSHER.  
Ambitious young musician (effusively)—"I had the thoughts and inspirations of the old masters in me when I composed that, professor!"  
Professor (sarcastically)—"So you had, Mr. Kribber. Your 'composition' contains a little of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Handel, Bach, and a score of other famous composers. By the way, what part of it is yours?"

COULDN'T ANNEX HIM.  
At the Canadian Club—I beg pardon, the St. James's.

Jack Beef—"Well, by gawd! they can annex Canada if they want to; but, by gawd! they can't annex me. Darn me, if I don't emigrate to London the minute they do it. See if I don't!"  
Jim Jamme—"Don't talk so loud, old boy. If they knew that they'd annex her to-morrow!"—Town Topics.

TARIFF REFORM SUPERFLUOUS.  
"Clothings was cheap enough, my friend," said Cohen, as he led a customer through the store. "Vat for yo' call for free wool?—I can gif you an elegant second-hand suit, manufactured for a Feeeth Avenue gent three years ago, for only five tollars. Can de Tariff Reformers beat those prices?"

IN THE MUSEUM OF ART.  
O'Rourke (walking delegate)—"An' would ye say painted this picture, Teddy?"  
McGragan—"It do say in the cattalog that it was a Dootchman named Rimbrandt!"  
O'Rourke—"Rimbrandt? Begob, there's no wan av that name in the Painters' Union. R-r-r! they don't take down this 'scab' wor-rik. O'll have the place boycotted!"

HE WAS NO INDIAN.  
Tramp—"Could you give a bite to a poor man who hasn't eaten anything for?"  
Lady of the House (shouting shrilly)—"Tige! Tige! Come here, Tige!"  
Tramp (loftily)—"You are calling your dog, Madam. I want you to understand that I don't eat dog. I'm no Indian."

AND HE STRODE AWAY IN SILENT DIGNITY.  
—Boston Courier.

THIS STYLE SHOULD BE PATENTED.  
Isaacson—"You gompain because those pants had shruak a leedle?"  
Bowwow—"A little? De tings are like tings, sure!"  
Isaacson—"Vy, dot was de beauty of my cloddings; dey was loose and easy in de summer, but dey grew closer and comfortable vhen de cold vadder comes on. Ain'd you got any style apoud you anyvay?"

A CHRONIC SUFFERER.  
Seedy Individual—"Madam, can't you give something to a yellow-fever sufferer?"  
Woman—"Ain't you the same man that called here a few months ago and got twenty-five cents to help a bilizzard sufferer?"  
Seedy Individual—"Yes, ma'am. I don't do nuthin' but suffer from one year's end to the other."—Puck.

A VALUABLE WITNESS.  
Justice Guffy—"And do I understand you to say you saw Patrick Kelly, the prisoner at the bar, steal the pair of shoes?"  
Michael O'Hourihan—"Well, not exactly, yer honor, but I met him the day the Widow Fiaberty lost the shoes, and I'll tell yez how it was. I says to him, 'Hullo, Pat!' says he:—'Hullo, yerself!' says he. 'Ahh!' says I:—'Oho!' says he:—'The divil!' says I:—'The same to you,' says he:—'Have yez ary a plug about yez?' says I:—'I have,' says he, and then I bit off a chew and lift him, and that's all I know about the Widow Fiaberty's shoes, yer honor."—The Shyster.

A CHILD OF NATURE.  
Robinson, who occupies a very humble position in the great dry goods industry, had taken his best girl, on Labor day, for an outing in the annexed district beyond the Harlem.  
"My dear," he said, as they were preparing to eat their modest lunch on a grassy knoll, "can you pardon me for having brought only one glass for the beer?" It was very stupid of me; but you don't mind our using the same one, do you, darling?"  
"Don't worry about me," replied the best girl, who was not accustomed to many of the refinements of life; "I always drink out of the bottle."

## The Majority.

How fare they all, they of the pallid face,  
Beyond our power to beckon their return?  
How is it with them in the shadowy place?  
How shall we learn  
Their solemn secret? How can we discover,  
By any earnest seeking, the true way  
Unto the knowing in what realm they hover,  
In what high day,  
Or in what shadowy shadows of the night,  
They are forever hidden from our sight?

We question vainly. Yet it somehow pleases,  
When you have spoken the last, and good-by,  
To know how half the pain of parting aches,  
That in the sky.

In the vast solitude of stars and spaces,  
There is a life of consciousness and life and hope,  
And that when we must yield to death's embrace,  
There may be scope  
For the unfolding of the better powers,  
So sadly stifled in this life of ours.

TRACY BUSHNELL.

## Robert Elsmere.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Presuming that most of your readers have read this religious novel and those who have not read it should do so at once. I send you a review of it by Dr. Thomas, which you may think worth its room in THE BETTER WAY. This simple novel, written by a woman, has scared the orthodox more than Spiritualism. Women especially should read it and be proud that one of their number should be able to move the world. Woman will yet be the world's savior.

FRATERNALLY,  
R. NEELY.

IT WILL HELP RELIGION.  
THOMAS ON "ROBERT ELSMERE."  
(Chicago Morning News, October 5, 1888.)

"Elsmere and Orthodoxy" was the subject on which the Rev. Dr. Thomas of the People's church discoursed yesterday morning. The fame of the book and preacher drew a crowded congregation, and agreeably to expectation, Dr. Thomas found a text in "Robert Elsmere" to tell the orthodox clergy some very plain truths from his standpoint.

"The novel has a legitimate place in religion," said Dr. Thomas, "and may be used as a great power in reaching the public mind and heart. It has been very effectively used during the past half century in advocating a broader, purer, and more rational theory. Such was the nature of the religious novel called 'Yeast,' by Charles Kingsley, the 'Nemeses of Faith,' by Froide; the writings of Geo. MacDonald and in this country of the moral and religious stories by Mrs. Stowe, Eggleston and others."

With regard to "Robert Elsmere," which Dr. Thomas praised from a literary standpoint, he said:

"Judged from the orthodox standpoint the work is one of the most subtle and dangerous attacks ever made on the Christian religion. Think of a hundred thousand clergymen trying to defend their boasted orthodoxy of 1,400 years against the words of one woman! Why are the millions of Christian readers in England and America so interested in this story of a clergyman giving up his old views? Somehow the people are in a state of mind to expect and welcome some new form of belief. They are uneasy and not fully satisfied with the faith that is commonly taught. It is not that the people want to doubt, but that they cannot believe in many of the old doctrines. They do not want to sink down in unbelief, and are hungry for a religion that will satisfy both the reason and the heart."

## SOME POINTED QUESTIONS.

"Why do the orthodox clergy of two great countries so dread the effects of this latest religious novel?" the speaker asked. "If all these preachers were at all certain that they are right; that their positions can stand the test of critical research and unprejudiced reason, why should they be so anxious? Are they afraid to trust the common sense of mankind? Does not all this alarm suggest that many of the clergy have themselves felt the uncertainty of some of their positions, and are afraid to have the people think upon such matters? Why is it so difficult to hold the world to the orthodox faith. Why is it that the children rocked in the cradle of orthodoxy, sent to its schools, and even many of those who have been educated for its ministry, find themselves growing out of their old beliefs? If in the change they lost their faith in God and righteousness, and their love and reverence for the good, the explanation might be found in the resulting moral darkness. But such is not the case. Elsmere's faith in God and religion, if anything, is stronger after the change than before, and he is no less earnest in his love for man and his efforts to do good. Such is the general experience of those who come into large views."

## PITIES THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

"It is a pitiful sight to see the Christian religion so exposed to attack and so weak in its positions and defenses as to be disturbed by this simple story of a woman. It is pitiful to see the entire orthodox church, Protestant and Catholic, in Europe and America, unable to answer Col. Ingersoll. There must be something inherently weak in Christianity itself or there is something wrong in that conception of it called orthodoxy that constantly needs bolstering up, and then is never secure. The weakness is not in Christianity but in the methods employed for its advocacy and defense, and in the weak, unreasonable, and often wicked doctrines taught in the name of Christianity and put forth as themselves being Christianity."

Dr. Thomas here made an eloquent appeal for the "new theology," which is destined to change the religious thought of the century, and continued: "The fact that a woman has written such a work is very suggestive, and it is this that makes the orthodox preachers so uneasy. Men support churches nowadays for social or family considerations. But what if the women begin to think and to question the very doctrines that the men have ceased to believe in any thorough and realizing sense? This is what orthodox fears and that is the danger that threatens it in this age when women are coming into the foreground of thought and action."

MIRACLES NO LONGER LOOKED FOR.  
Dr. Thomas analyzed Elsmere's views as to the New Testament miracles, and said:

"Historic evidence addressed to the senses and to us now inevitable is not as strong as that addressed to reason and the present experience of mankind. The essential fact is that the Christ now lives. It was natural once to insist upon the resurrection of Christ's body and of all human bodies, but who believes now that the bodies that die will be raised? Moral truths are not dependent upon miraculous attestations; they appeal to the reason and moral consciousness, the divine in man, and on that foundation they are forever secure."

Dr. Thomas's references to the orthodox defenders of the truth were caustic in the extreme. He said:

"It is not necessary to believe everything in order to believe something. Elsmere's faith in God was saved by giving up what he could not believe. And yet the orthodox preachers seem to think he gave up all, or rather, they say, he had nothing to give up. Well, he gave up one thing; he gave up his living in the parish—and that is more than a great many who claim to be orthodox preachers are willing to do. They hold on to their pulpits and salaries. Elsmere did not give up his sense of manhood, but to keep it he had to give up all the associations of life, his church relations and friendships, and to be looked upon and branded as a heretic. This world will never know what the narrowness and bigotry and severity of Christianity proper but of orthodoxy has inflicted upon suffering hearts and lives."

In conclusion Dr. Thomas said:

"The orthodox preachers owe it to themselves and to the future to lighten some of the burdens that the darker ages put upon Christian faith, the cold, external Latin accretions—such as the doctrines of original sin, a penal atonement, and endless punishment—that found no part in the Christian faith as taught by the early fathers of the church and by the apostles of Christ. Will they do it or will they compel the reason of this age to stay outside of the church?"

Washington, D. C., November 5, 1888.  
To the Editor of The Better Way.

About ten days ago, in company with two lady friends, I attended a very interesting circle, and I thought it might be pleasant for some of you, who are in other cities, to know a little about our Washington media and their controls. We had two very good media, and a very harmonious circle. The lady at whose house we held our circle is a medium, and no doubt some of my readers may know her. And I will here say, if there are any who do not, I am both glad and proud to have the privilege of making her known to them, and also her control, dear old Dr. Ward. He and his medium, Miss Helen Simmons, are almost one in thought and action. Dr. Ward is good and noble, a follower of our dear Jesus, and both he and his medium do much good.

Well, we began by singing a hymn. Before we had finished the second verse Dr. Ward came, and joined us with a loud voice. The old gentleman is fond of music and enjoys singing. Then he offered a short prayer, after which followed a few spicy remarks on a very familiar subject to all Spiritualists; namely, about a certain old fox whose cunning far exceeds that of the wildest fox in all the story books. But my dear readers, how can we expect anything else in this age of cunning. Romish cunning I mean.

I feel compelled to make a few remarks here. I, myself, until the last few years, was a Roman Catholic, and very well know how the priests must be obeyed. I also know with what arts they use their power over the laity to accomplish their own plans. I also know all about the ignorance and superstition of the Catholic church, and some day, with the guidance of my good angel, I will tell the world about it.

But I have digressed, and must return to my report. The doctor spoke of those wonderful "toe joints," how remarkably they were trained. There were several questions asked, which were answered very clearly. He said that Spiritualists need have no fear; for even if Mrs. Fox-Kane had told the world that she is a fraud, and denounced Spiritualism, the word of such a woman would not affect the cause in any way. In fact to claim such a woman as one of the founders, must surely keep a great many from us who would, no doubt, be earnest inquirers into this great truth. He also spoke of the motives which must have prompted this confession of fraud, then touched a little on Romanism. A few more questions were asked, which were answered satisfactorily; then the singing of another hymn, after which we had the pleasure of an introduction to a little Indian girl, by name Blue Flower, who controlled our other medium, Mrs. Lease.

Blue Flower has only been on the outside a little while. She has learned English very rapidly; has a sweet voice and accent. She gave a few descriptions. Every one seemed delighted with her and we were all sorry to bid her good night. But there was something more to follow.

Mrs. Lease is a medium for writing; and I was delighted to receive a sweet message from a dear spirit, who was in earth life my best friend. Mrs. Lease is also very clairvoyant, and described a number of spirits. She saw my friend surrounded by a beautiful light, and also saw her put a bunch of daisies on the table.

Now, my readers, I am not a "test hunter," but I must say I was pleased, as I knew that the daisy was my friend's favorite flower, and I also knew that no one there was acquainted with the fact. Several others received messages, some of which were reversed and had to be read through the paper or before a mirror. When Mrs. Lease is controlled she writes a rapidly with her left hand as with her right. The spirits show their different styles of writing, and some messages were much harder to read than others. We had short visits from "Sister Mary," another of Mrs. Lease's guides. She is very strong and bright.

Our circle ended, and I know that every one was much pleased. These circles are held, every Wednesday night, at the residence of Miss Simmons, which is 721 East Capitol street. Mrs. Lease holds circles every Friday evening; her residence, No. 503, Fourth street, W. And I hope if any of my readers should chance to be in Washington on either of these evenings, they will attend these circles, and I feel sure, should they do so, they will be gratified.





### Children's Dress in Aigiers.

The boys, when running about, wear nothing but a long, white chemise and dark blue vests, but of all bewitching creatures in the world, the little girls can scarcely be surpassed. They are everywhere, and must strike a stranger, certainly an artist, as a prominent feature of interest. Some are going to the baker's, carrying unbaked loaves piled on a plank on the head; others, with little brass-bound buckets brimming with milk; singly, in crowds, always fascinating, not only pretty, but arrayed in an infinite variety of costumes, they dart from shadow into sunlight, and disappear in a twinkling round a corner or through a doorway. They wear, first, a white chemise with gauze sleeves, over it a gandoura, or chemise without sleeves, and reaching nearly to the ankles, usually of printed calico, glaring in color and with spots, stripes, birds, branches and leaves; this gandoura is sometimes of rich brocade or light silk; over the first they often wear a second gandoura of tulle with a design in it, ordinarily nothing more nor less than common white lace curtain stuff. All the materials hang limp and flutter when they run; round the waist a broad cinchure, and over the shoulders a little bodice. On the head a conical cap, always of crimson velvet, more or less ornamented with gold thread; children and unmarried girls wear them with a strap under the chin; married women tie them on with a colored handkerchief. [Harpers Magazine.]

Written for The Better Way.

### A Surprised Rat.

Some years ago a friend sitting at the back window of a large factory on Plum Street, Cincinnati, heard a great twittering of sparrows in the back yard. Looking out he saw a large flock of English sparrows dodging down and pecking at a large rat, whose intention evidently was to reach a shed on the opposite side of the yard, but being so vigorously and viciously attacked in rear and front by an unexpected foe, he was obliged to beat a hasty retreat under the board pile.

Having sounded the tocsin of war, revolutionizing above the rodent, recruits came swiftly from the shady nooks around, lining the edges of the board piles, fluttering, and in commotion; turning their little heads, watching with one object, the re-appearance of the rat which seemed inclined to stay within its fortification.

The second attempt ended as the first in a complete victory for the birds, the rat being more surprised at the novel attack than hurt, retired from the field again, not to return.

For what reason this sudden attack on an innocent party was made I know not, though their disposition is to be selfish. They will drive from their homes to which they are entitled, other birds.

When brought from England, they were protected by law. The law is now reversed and a premium offered for their heads in some places. They are brought into the Philadelphia market when fat and are considered by some to be as delicious as the celebrated reed bird of the same size, so universally shot among the reeds and docks lining the Delaware river, near that city.

A STUDENT OF NATURE.

Cincinnati, Nov., 1888.

### A Cloud that Came Over the Sea.

"My father is dead!" sighed Swao, the Karen boy, who had come to America to be educated, and was a student at the high school.

"When did you receive the sad news?" asked the teacher, with ready sympathy, but the poor lad shook his head mournfully and explained:

"I have had no news; what I know I saw in this way, and if I tell it where I have my home they all laugh, and then pretty soon perhaps they chide and say, 'Swao a Christian! Christians have not such fancies,' but this not a fancy. I feel it here, cold in my heart. I tell you, I have a dream. I see a jungle with lofty bamboos, and beneath their soft waving tops, a river flows. It is a large river and rapid, the water is black and tumbling about. Soon in distant I see elephants, a train and men riding, one is my father, he comes near the stream and then from beneath the bamboos a shadow stretches down. It covers my father like a cloud, my father and the river. I see them no more. O, my father! my father, he is dead! I have to tell you. Some one I must tell or my heart it break," and the poor lad wept uncontrollably.

"It was only a dream, my boy. I would not take it this way. You are homesick."

"No, it is not that. I have my home in my memory and I learn much and go back to tell my people. Now I only grieve for my father. He be not there to smile when I go back. Some day you will see it is so as I tell you, my father this morning is dead."

A few days later Swao paused again by the teacher's side.

"I saw the cloud again last night," he whispered. "It was in our village and it started rolling toward our coast. It is the black, heavy, sad news, it is coming to me."

"It is upon the great sea now," he said later. "I saw it last night rolling this way as fast as a ship could sail. It makes me grief sick. I cannot study. I sigh to go away from the sunlight into the shadow of the mountains in the deep wood, and lie there until the news gets here, and then you will believe me and pity me."

"Pity you now, poor lad," said the poor teacher. "You must pray that the Lord will let the sunshine of His love shine into your heart and dispel all the clouds of doubt and shadows of homesickness."

"You pray, too," said the poor lad; "I need many prayers."

Several times he spoke of the shadow as coming nearer and nearer, and one morning he said:

"It will be here to-day. I am afraid

my spelling lesson will be very bad."

The teacher was almost as anxious as the poor Karen. He started at every unusual sound, at every unfamiliar step, but a few minutes after the mid-day meal was distributed while the scholars were eating their lunch, the gentleman with whom Swao had his home entered the room, saying in a low tone to the teacher:

"I have bad news for Swao. His father was drowned nearly three months ago during the great freshets."

The teacher glanced at the boy compassionately. He responded with a low moan like an animal in distress. Then he said as he came forward:

"I not cry now. I know it this long time. The sun shine through the cloud now. I get my spell-lesson. My spell lesson be very bad all the time the cloud coming."

The thoughtless scholars, some of whom had made game of Swao ever since he had been in the school, crowded about him now and wept at his pathetic exclamations.

"They kind to me. Their tears run drop, drop, drop," he said, in touching appreciation of their sympathy. "They help my heart so it not break. I not cry one little tear, my eyes so hot."

The teacher found by examining the letter, that Swao's first dream was identical with the time of his father's death, and the news was, indeed, on the way all the time that the poor boy's dreams were disturbed by a sight of that terrible cloud rolling over the sea. [Parenthetical Journal.]

### The Elmsmere Impetus.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Many of our ministers are preaching sermons on the subject of Robert Elmsmere, a novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. I am glad of it, especially those ministers of the stricter theology. They are unconsciously placing before their congregation a book broad and liberal in sentiment in comparison with much that is written on religion or in contrast to the cold narrow dogmas.

Among all the people who hear these sermons will be many who never would have thought to take up Mrs. Ward's book; but having it thrust before them by no less a person than their spiritual mentor, however disparagingly, they will read the book and they will think of its contents and in a degree grow away from the false to the true, and there will be in consequence, perhaps more converts to the Unitarian doctrine, and it is but a short step from the latter to the ranks of the liberal and right-thinking—they will be re-inforced and the best come uppermost. Then if all would believe in the word of Gerald Massey and the result of his years of constant research as to the origin of religion, we should soon throw off the weight laid upon us by this great "pythion" of theology. One little vulnerable point in the hide of this monstrous religion into which we could thrust the sharp point of reason, and the great thing that has been so powerful for eighteen hundred years lies dead and powerless and we are free to start anew upon the basis of justice for each and all—here on this beautiful earth surrounded by the handiwork of the great eternal—not somewhere indefinitely defined at some equally indefinite location in the life after death.

ESTELLE.

"What bits of wisdom each day's life brings,  
What lessons are taught by the smallest things,  
If we only have the heart to receive,  
The patience to learn and the faith to believe."

### Shooting Stars of Thought.

They are Peculiar Because not Common, and this Reflection may Serve to Light Up Better Ones in the Mind of the Reader. We are creators in creation.

Remove the error, not the man.

Religion is the essence of all possible things that exist.

Many people get tired the day before they do the work.

Who can reason that our real life is where we are not.

Moments of time taken from labor, are sweeter morsels of life.

The Redeemer liveth within him who fulfills his promises.

Equality of temper bids us accept everything without off-ense.

Error is but a growth dissolved by our will for something better.

Christianity is in all things its progress attained only by action.

True evolution is to pay your debts and then you can borrow again.

Love with that love that knows no error except for gentle correction.

Useful materializing is to materialize a good piece of work from material.

There is no safety going outside ourselves, except by mutual agreement.

To save mankind from trouble, is both the duty of preacher and king.

There is no such thing as death proper; it is but a degree of growth in nature.

The pleasures of doing a favor quietly is greater than all the loud praises of the world.

You may call me what you please, but I know better what I am than you can tell me.

We are strong disciplinarians to our own views, but slow to accord the same rights to others.

Anything that turns on us nobody wishes to accept; but that which is successful has many claimants.

Our little heads can't contain all the ideas, our little bodies all the food, nor our little pockets all the money; yet we try to stuff it all in ourselves.

If a man gives a present he does not take it away with him, but leaves it with you to profit by, neither did Christ carry away his works, but left them for us to do "greater things with them than he did." He has left us that by which we can wash away our troubles, but cannot do it for us.

A STUDENT OF NATURE.

Cincinnati, October, 1888.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

Less judgment than wit is more sail than ballast.

There is nothing little to the really great in spirit.

Thousands drink themselves to death before one dies of thirst.

Always direct the energies of your being in seeking the Good, maintaining and defending the Truth, and loving the Beautiful.

True glory takes root and even spreads; all false pretence, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.—Cicero.

As character comprises the entire sphere of the educated will, so temperament is nothing else than the sum of our natural inclinations and tendencies.

A man who does things not in a hurry, besides the comfort of it, makes less mistakes and blunders, and has also more time to correct those which he does make.

When the battle rages the loyalty of the soldier is proved; and to be steady on the battlefield besides is mere flight and disgrace to him if he flinches at that point.—Elizabeth Charles.

No sensible father ever demanded love from his child. Every civilized father knows that love rises like the perfume of a flower. A father demands obedience from a child for the good of the child and for the good of himself. But suppose the father to be infinite, why should the child sacrifice anything for him?—R. G. Ingersoll.

Ruskin says, "Men's proper business in this world falls mainly into three divisions: First, to know themselves, and the existing state of things they have to do with. Secondly, to be happy in themselves, and in the existing state of things. Thirdly, to mend themselves and the existing state of things, as far as either are marred or mendable."

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L. BARNEY, EDITOR.

CINCINNATI - DECEMBER 1, 1888

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The first sound in the song of love  
Seems more than silence is, and yet a sound.  
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings  
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,  
And play the prelude of our fate.

In consequence of going to press this week one day earlier than usual, on account of Thanksgiving day, many reports, which would have otherwise appeared in these columns, reached us too late for insertion.

The home fireside is the school of schools. It is universal, and the education it bestows, being interwoven with the wool of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. Its lessons should be dispensed with the most vigilant care.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—We are willing to receive 10,000 presents this month, in form of new subscribers to THE BETTER WAY. They ought to come promptly and without solicitation, but such blessings are certainly worth asking for. Now is the time to subscribe.

Charity is but another name for love. It is the diamond among the jewels of Spiritualism. The other graces shine like the precious stones of nature, with their own peculiar luster and in various hues; but the diamond is pure white, and its scintillations are brilliant beyond all the others. "The greatest of these is charity."

Our correspondent at Pittsburgh informs us that the clergy of that good city are red-hot in their opposition to Spiritualism, and it is thought that the vigorous ministrations of Bro. Kates and wife have had a good deal to do with this condition. These good mediums are liable to make orthodox pretty warm.

What a beautiful example for all is the resolution of the old lady, who, from a crabbed and anxious body, became quite the opposite. When asked what had induced the change, she replied: "To tell you the truth, I have been all my life striving for a contented mind, and finally concluded to sit down contented without it."

Every subscriber to THE BETTER WAY could be instrumental in adding several valuable names to our subscription list, but if each obtains one new subscriber before the new year, it will enable us to make the best Spiritualist newspaper in the world. Dear reader: Do not imagine that every one but yourself is addressed in this notice. You are more particularly addressed than any one beside.

Millions of fairly good people would forget that there is such a thing as suffering in the world, were they not occasionally reminded of it through their own. Then they understand that there are other hearts which ache, and other souls in great agony; and the lesson of suffering moderates selfishness and vivifies that charity which ennobles the race. Hence, to the many, suffering is a blessing.

There is a local "boom" in the Graphophone, which promises to result in the formation of "The Ohio Graphophone Company." It is a machine to which one can talk in a business or confidential way, and it will repeat every word, with dates and figures, and in the softest intonations of the human voice. When the Graphophone has been generally introduced, Mr. Stenographer can quite numerously take a rest.

True science and genuine religion are twin sisters. The separation of either from the other is sure to work injury to both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is devout; and religion flourishes in proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis. That religion which seeks to contravene science is a snare and a delusion, and that science which attempts to build up a structure of cold materialism is unnatural and vain. Science disproves miracles, and relegates many parts of the Christian's Bible to the dark limbo of ignorance and superstition.

Grand results often flow from modest efforts. A single word fastened in a sure place may set in motion a good influence that never shall cease. It were foolish indeed to go back and uproot the seed to find if it had taken hold. Dropped in confidence, the sunshine and rain of our imperial mother, Nature, will take care of the germination. And, besides, there is many a deed done and word spoken through the good influence of the moment, which we forget, but the dear spirits remember them to bless and fructify. Do good always. Speak gently. Perform loving offices at every opportunity. Give the word of consolation in season, and withhold not the loving message till ears are closed to the music of the loving heart.

Within three weeks the wonderful *File-Us-Off* has condemned every prominent Spiritualist newspaper in the United States—its last attack being upon the *Golden Gate*. Its course is as legitimate as that of any pope in the history of the world, but it lacks power to suppress these objects of its wrath. Spiritualist publications are demanded by the people, and they cannot be destroyed by single foes nor by battalions.

Cheerfulness is an inestimable blessing—the sunshine of existence. It is the soul in ruddy, joyful health; the heart in its glorious prime. A cheerful heart paints the world as it finds it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, pallid with vapors and dark as the shadow of death. With the first, the world is all roses and violets; with the second, all weeds and brambles. In short, the heart is the mirror on which the world is caught, and which lends to the face of nature the aspect of its own turbulence or tranquility.

It is not always easy to discover the source of truth. Frequently we derive instruction from persons and things whence we did not expect it. Humble people and lowly objects are often endowed with attributes of power and excellence which we wot not of. It is not good to be too toploftical. We should stoop down and drink from the brook at the wayside, that our minds may be exalted through humility, for as the brook winds its way rejoicingly to the sea, so all the rills of knowledge do but penetrate into the eternal ocean of truth.

"Learn to labor and—to wait." It is a difficult task. Of all the lessons that humanity must acquire in life's school, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not with folded hands to claim life's prizes without previous effort; but, having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant—nay, perhaps disaster instead. To stand firm at such a crisis of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, not to lose hold or relax effort—this is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman. Such condition is that of thousands of devoted Spiritualists.

We are politely besought to exercise more gentleness toward those whom duty impels us to criticize in these columns. This is right, and, if possible, the admonition shall be obeyed; but what idea have our gentle friends when they offer this advice? What is the quality they so highly recommend? That gentleness which belongs to virtue is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards and the fawning assent of sycophants. It removes no just right through fear; it gives up no important truth to flattery; it is, indeed, not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle to give it any real value.

## REMOVAL OF NEW THOUGHT.

*New Thought*, one of the most vigorous and alert Spiritualist newspapers in the West, has removed its headquarters from Des Moines, Iowa, to Chicago. A sensible move, indeed, and one which the Spiritualists of the Northwest should approve by liberal subscriptions. Chicago has had no Spiritualist journal since the *Watchman* removed to Ft. Wayne, and this rehabilitation ought to become memorable. We wish unmeasured success to *New Thought* in its larger home.

## MR. HOWELL.

Thousands of Spiritualists in various parts of the world will regret to learn that Mr. Walter Howell has left the public work of Spiritualism for the purpose of devoting his labors to the Unitarian Church. He declares that he is a Spiritualist, just the same as ever, but he desires to settle down as the minister of a congregation, and, having strong sympathies with Unitarianism, he embraces this distinguished ethical cult for his life work. The result is that Spiritualism has lost one of its best orators, and Unitarianism has gained an advocate who is at once scholarly, eloquent and indefatigable. Mr. Howell's present address is Erie, Pa.

## PROGRESS.

There were some good negative characteristics in the Puritans. They were not office-seekers. Honor was the principal remuneration for official service in the early time. In 1632, it was enacted in the colony of New Plymouth, that if any were elected to the office of Governor, and would not serve, he should be fined twenty pounds sterling. If he refused to pay the fine, it was to be levied out of his goods and chattels. It was also ordered that if any were chosen to the office of council, and declined its acceptance, they should be fined ten pounds each. The only exception specified was in the case of one who should be chosen governor a second time, after having held the office the preceding year. Such a one might decline without the liability of a fine, and then the company were to proceed to a new election, "except they can prevail upon him by entreaty." Governor Winthrop, in 1633, records in his Journal, "Mr. Edward Winslow chosen governor of Plymouth, Mr. Bradford having been governor about ten years, and now by importunity got off."

The American people have survived all such squeamishness. The man who is elected governor now-a-days assumes the high position without hesitation, and makes the best of it—that is, the most he can.

## IT STILL LIVES.

Spiritualism lives and prospers, and the public has lost interest in the fiasco of the Foxes. The Foxes fail to draw large audiences to their exhibitions, for it is now well understood, by even outsiders, that their story is unworthy of attention, from beginning to end, and that, if they have practiced falsehood for forty years, they are not above supplementing their business with more falsehood. Spiritualists know that once they were mediums, that their gifts were emasculated, and perhaps finally destroyed, by bad habits, and that recently they have become the creatures of mountebank showmen, through Jesuitical wire-pulling and the application of a little cash. But in the work appointed for them to perform they have proved dreary failures.

Spiritualism is not only not injured by these tactics, but it is largely benefitted, for they prove that it is not dependent upon what any mortal says or does, but is in special charge of good angels. All the frauds in Christendom cannot dim the glorious light of the spirit, nor bring discredit to the grand cause of humanity, which displaces death by life, and the gloom of darkness by the knowledge of happiness and progress. Suddenly, and with many spasms, the Foxes professed to have "a sacred mission." Why do they not perform it? Good people will find that they are at the end of their tether and their "mission."

"I thought a child was given to sanctify  
A woman—set her in the sight of all  
The clear-eyed heavens, a chosen minister  
To do their business, and lead spirits up  
The difficult blue heights. A woman lives  
Not bettered, quickened toward the truth and good,  
Through being a mother?—then she's none."

## ENTHUSIASM.

Genius is common sense intensified. On final analysis of the methods of genius, an enlightened and sustained enthusiasm will be discovered to be that into which all the essential elements of success can be resolved. There must be enkindled an intense longing to realize a definitely conceived ideal—an ideal which must appear worthy of any sacrifice; a longing which must glow with white heat. There are marked differences in mental endowment in the same department of effort, but these differences prove often more nominal than real, and, by operating as incentives, secure to the less gifted the more frequent victory. Thoroughness, concentration and courage, are the main distinguishing traits of great men—qualities rather of the heart than of the head—not necessarily exclusive inheritances to be enjoyed by the few, but possible acquisitions within reach of the many. Gray spent seven years perfecting his "Elegy," which may be read in seven minutes. Into it he generously poured the ripest scholarship, an intimate acquaintance with the rules of rhythm, and an exhaustive study of the varied excellencies of English and Latin classics. Every syllable was submitted to closest scrutiny, the cadence of the verse was suited to the character of the thought, every outline was vivid, every tint toned, every picture perfect, before he suffered the poem to pass into print. This palace of thought was no single night's work of slave-genii obeying the behest of one holding some magical lamp of Aladdin, but was built up like coral reef, particle by particle. And this complete mastery of detail was secured only by the most protracted concentration of effort. By resolutely chaining his thought to the theme, completely surrendering himself to its guidance, the inexorable laws of suggestion irresistibly led him back through the past's faded and forgotten scenes in the humble lives of the sleeping cottagers, until the scenery and personages of every picture at last brightened and breathed before his mental vision with all the sharply outlined vividness of real life. This vividness was absolutely indispensable to his success.

Fancy must first paint the canvass before the brush touches it. The Greek Slave stands before us with no more clearly defined symmetry of form than she did before Powers long ere with the chisel his skilled hand threw off her rough mantle of marble. Shakespeare forgot Shakespeare when he recorded the words of inspiration. His heart at times burnt with all the murder-passion of Lady Macbeth; at times shuddered at the thrills of the phantom-jagger of remorse. Mendelssohn, as he walked a stranger along the crowded streets of Rome, his eyes dreamily fixed on the heavens, heard as distinctly as if struck upon the harp of some passing angel all those his grand unwritten symphonies that afterward the organ sent pealing down the dim cathedral aisles of that splendid city.

Without enthusiasm, earnestness is lacking, and effectiveness accidental. It is even more important than system, for it induces toil beyond that which system could ever prescribe; and only in this way is success assured. It is a lesson of the first importance to Spiritualists. Through them comes a revelation to humanity which shall emancipate the race from error, provided it is adequately promulgated; but it is of a nature provocative of the highest enthusiasm, and, unless this is duly elicited, its progress will necessarily be slow. Its mildest expression should embody the fire and eloquence of genius and the consecration of intellect to the gospel of immortality; for, without the hope it inspires, eloquence is naught and intellectual fire a vain ignis fatuus.

## THE SITUATION.

The duty of Spiritualists just now is peculiar. A brutal assault has been made upon their doctrine, upon the truth of their phenomena, the logic of their philosophy, and the moral status of their clientele, and with Christians and skeptics they are the subject of adverse criticism. Conditions are not harmful to Spiritualism unless Spiritualists permit the harm by inaction, by carelessness or misjudgment. Inquirers are considerably demoralized, and there will be some unusual work to get them squarely upon the track again, and lukewarm adherents seem disposed to take up with theosophy or materialism, but this shock will prove decidedly beneficial, and that at an early day. It was needed. Cranks had become too cranky. Many mediums seemed to imagine they were principals instead of servants, and a little pull back would do them good.

The most serious indication is found in the fact that a few hundreds of our brethren and sisters have become weak-kneed in the cause. Mrs. Grundy has given them a fright, and they propose to go out of Spiritualism for a while and wait for something to turn up. They are not sure they were ever Spiritualists, really and truly, and will now rest from their labors, take an account of their moral stock in trade, and try to find where they stand. And they will suspend perusal of Spiritualist literature and decline to witness any more phomena!

These are a few points in the hurly-burly brought about by the Fox sham called "exposure," and the undoubted frauds recently shown up, here and elsewhere; but as results they are illegitimate and trifling. Those whose business it is to magnify their importance are, of course, making the most they can of the situation, but nothing has happened to injure Spiritualism or detract from the interest intelligent people feel in its manifestations. These manifestations have their imitators, and the cause is cursed with renegades, both of which circumstances are incidents in nearly every important movement; but these things are only misfortunes. They should excite more interest from investigators and redouble the exertions of Spiritualists. Active work should be more thoroughly systematized, and Spiritualist literature should have a still more extended circulation. This latter consideration is of the first importance. It is important to inform the people that no injury has eventuated to the cause through the unfaithfulness of former servants, nor the frauds of mountebanks, nor the machinations of conspirators, nor the various supernumerary acts of "fool friends," but that it is stronger and better than ever, more directly in communication with the spirit world than ever, more progressive and understandable than ever, and that now is the accepted time for them to read, study and inwardly digest these great truths. Read your Spiritualist newspapers, and, if possible, see that your neighbors take and read them. We prefer to have you and them take and read THE BETTER WAY, but there is no lack of first-class Spiritualist newspapers, and every one can pay his money and take his choice. See that these papers are well circulated in every community, and give the publishers a list of names to enable them to forward sample copies to all inquirers.

Within the coming twelve months there will be such a revival of Spiritualism as the world never saw or dreamed of, and such a revolution in old systems of ethics as will turn their mouldiness up to the light of the sun, and give abundance of work to those moral scavengers whose duty it is to clear away that which is outworn, useless and rotten. Speed the time.

"Are thoughts which sometimes come to us,  
We scarce know how or why,  
The echoes of the whispered words  
Of angels passing by?"

## The Mission of Spirit Communism or Spiritualism.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Spirit communism is not a new, or a modern institution; it is as old as the everlasting hills, as old as the time when man first sat his foot upon the sod of the green earth. The mission of Spiritualism is not to make for itself at once a great name or a great noise in the earth. Nor will it become a great and a grand institution, and organize and swallow up all other institutions. But by silent and steadfast progress it has spread itself all over the world, not only where Christianity is known, but in many places where the creeds and dogmas of the church will never be known.

The tiny rap, like the still, small voice, has been heard all over the earth, and, in the short space of thirty-nine years, it has made more progress than any other religion has ever made in a hundred years before it. The mission of spirit communism is to Spiritualism the present existing institutions and already established churches. It has already done this in a measure, for there is not a minister that stands before a congregation to-day but what teaches a part of or knowledge and our belief to his hearers. And I even know of ministers that speak under a spirit control from orthodox pulpits.

Spirit communism is a home, a fireside institution, where the family can gather around in the home circle and commune with the dear ones that dwell just over there on the other side. The mission of spirit communism is to harmonize; to hold the family unbroken; to teach us love; to make us realize that in spirit life we will know each other as we shall be known.

It bids us hope and makes that hope grow stronger with a knowledge of a future life. "For even in the dark night of

earthly death, hope joins it to a glistening star, and, listening, some can hear the rustle of angel's wing."

Col. Ingersoll said at the funeral of a little child: "Again we stand in the shadow of the great mystery; a shadow as great as when the first mother shed bitter tears over the pallid face of her lifeless babe; a mystery that has never yet been solved." Ingersoll is for once mistaken, for we say that the mystery, the great mystery, has been solved. For we can truly say that spirit communism has solved the mystery of death and the resurrection.

Truly Christ hath said: "That unless ye be born again ye cannot enter into the realms of the eternal life." And very true it is that before we can enter that life we must be born again from out of these bodies with the life of the spirit. The mission of spirit communism is to bring to the weeping and heart-broken mother the fact, the knowledge that her darling child still lives, although she has just laid its little form beneath the daisies. The mission of spirit communism is to let the father know that his little ones can come back and be with him until he can meet them on the other side to part with them no more.

It makes known to the sorrowing widow the fact that the manly form that she once leaned upon and now lies under the sod in the churchyard gray, comes to her in spirit to console her. Spirit communism comes to all of us mortals of earth to bless us, to teach us, to help us, to guide us, and to lead us toward the light. To lift mankind up from out of the depths of darkness, that creeds, dogmas and churches have led us into. Man is a progressive being, and his soul always yearns for a higher life. His soul instinctively turns toward the light, and Modern Spiritualism has given him that light. And to thousands, aye, to millions, has this spirit light been a solace and balm of peaceful content. There is nothing, no teaching given to man, nothing taught to man that brings true content and true happiness to him, such as a knowledge of spirit life will bring to him.

And all of this is a part of the mission of Modern Spiritualism on our earth to-day. The churches teach us of a God outside of us, above us. They teach us of a Savior that died for us, that we might be saved. But the voice from spirit life tells us that if we would only rely upon the saving grace within us, the Christ principle within us, the God in man, the better side of ourselves, that then we would be saved from ourselves, saved from the devil or evil side of our nature.

When spirit communism shall have had its way on earth a hundred years instead of forty years, then I predict that on this earth there will be a paradise. The millennium will surely be here. Then man will not rob his fellow man; then man will not murder his fellow man; then there will not be a lock, nor a bar nor a bolt between man and his fellow man; then the jail and the state prison will be no more. The whisky shop and the house of prostitution will be like the faggot and the rack of torture, things of the past. Things that we will look at and be ashamed of, and they will be the things that belong to and are of a barbarous age behind us. Then, my friends, the gallows will not rear its bloody and murderous form within our sight nor upon the face of the earth.

Then will man be at peace with his fellow man, and the earth will no longer re-sound with the tread of murderous armies marching forward to deal death and destruction to his brother. Then will the bright-winged angel of peace, beautiful and in her glory, hold her sway over the earth, and proclaim peace and good will to all mankind. Then will the inhabitants of this earth commune with the souls in the soul life beyond, as freely as we now commune with our friends on earth to-day. It may be that many will think that this is an overdrawn picture. I think not; at any rate let us hope for the best. Let the white-winged angel of hope hover o'er us and fill our souls with the hope that never dies. Let us work while we may; let us that know, us that have seen and have heard the glad tidings of great joy, let us never falter; work on, work while we may, work now, work forever.

Spread the good news all over the earth that there is another life beyond this weary earth life. Tell the story as did Jesus of old, that in our father's house there are many mansions. Tell them that good old story, that there is room for all. Come ye to this fount of living waters and drink; drink deep for they are the waters of life everlasting.

Come one, come all, for there was never yet a soul lost—not a living soul, no matter how low that soul may have sunk itself in vice and degradation. No matter if the waves of despair have covered you o'er; no matter if darkness as dark and dense as the Christian's hell surrounds you. No matter, I say, for it is the mission of spirit communism to point out to you the royal road that leads to light.

'Tis the mission of Spiritualism to lift you up; to heal your wounded heart; to soothe you; to tell you that you have a soul to save, a charge to keep; to tell you that you must save that soul, redeem that soul, and at last, exalted, you will stand in the glorious light among the redeemed, a bright spirit redeemed by the God within; man redeemed by the Christ principle within you, redeemed by the hosts of redeemed spirit friends that have helped you and will help you, and are trying to help you even now.

When I was a young man we were taught that man was conceived in sin, born in sin, and reared in sin; and that he was at enmity with his maker; at enmity with all natural law, and, unless you accepted the saving grace of the Christian's plan of salvation, you would be forever damned, and would go, after death, to the regions of the everlasting damned forever, without a hope of progression in the future. This gloomy prospect made many a man a long-faced and a solemn hypocrite, who went through earth life a walking example of the love of the Christian's god and the saving power of their savior; while if we could have looked into the soul of that man or woman we could have seen a cringing coward who did not believe a word of what he professed to believe, but made the world believe that he was a devout follower of the lamb, when he was only a sneaking coward, who hoped to be saved somehow, somewhere, sometime, all because of his outward profession. And one of the missions of our beautiful philosophy and knowledge is to teach man that he was not born in sin, that he need not live in sin, nor die in sin. It will teach him that he is a man made in the image of his maker; born according to the great natural law, reared in this country under the society rules that in vogue when he happens to get here. And if there is anything out of joint with the

present state of society, I am sure that Spiritualists are not to blame for it, for we are not allowed to have much to do with it in any shape.

He is also taught from spirit to stand upright before his maker, a man with the stamp of the infinite upon his brow. And with a hope in his heart that at some future day in the eternal ages before him he too may reach the eternal fount from whence he came. Before the oncoming light of spiritual truths, creeds tremble, ignorance dies, error decays and humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge. The mission of spirit communism is to teach at home; it needs no missionary societies or foreign missions. It will not send a missionary to China and let a Chinaman starve next door.

I despise a religion that will appeal to a Sunday school for a collection to send the gospel of Jesus Christ to the heathen Chinese, and let the boys go home from that same Sunday school stoning Chinamen all the way. Ingersoll says that o'er every death bed scene, and over every coffin lid, and o'er every grave rises the bright star of hope. And in the dark night of death, listening, some can hear the rustle of an angel's wing. Very true, and spirit communism makes that star of hope a reality, and tells listening love that she does hear the rustle of an angel's wing. It makes hope a reality; it makes us know the spiritual philosophy is based on the natural law that governs our existence. Therefore, man takes to it as natural as he takes to the mother that bore him.

But all other religious teachings have to be pumded into his very soul for years before he will take it at all, and then he takes it under a protest, and drops it just as soon as he can find a more congenialism, that suits him better. To prove to you that Spiritualism is as old as the oldest history known to us, let me quote to you first from that old history called the bible. In the first book of the bible, second verse, you will find these words: "And God the spirit or the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." This is supposed to have taken place 4000 years ago. In the second chapter, seventh verse, of the same book, are these words: "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul."

Now then, if any of you believe in the holy bible even as a history, you see that the first man had a living soul; and if man had a living soul 4000 years ago, surely he has a soul now. And one of the missions of spirit communism is to prove to you what was known 4,000 years ago, i.e., that man has a living soul that never dies. In the sixteenth chapter of Genesis, an angel of the Lord or what we now call a spirit, appeared to Hagar in the wilderness. Then in chapter eighteenth we have the account of Abraham's entertaining angels unawares.

But now many of us entertain angels, but not unawares; when our angel friends appear to us we entertain them and know who they are. If a spirit should come to us to-day calling himself God, as did a spirit or spiritus in the olden time, we should not accept him as a god but as a spirit of some man who had dwelt on this earth. I could quote you from the old history called the bible for a whole day, and prove to you that the footfalls of the angel friends have been heard all along down the corridors of time, and in all the ages behind us. But man has taken but little notice of the fact all because the church has said nay to every attempt that was made to investigate the matter, and the old church knew all the time of the life beyond, and of the angel world and of spirit communism.

And now one of the missions of spirit communism is to prove to the world that the church lied all the time when they denied the fact of this angel communion. They knew of this open pathway from mortal up to the immortal. They have known it for a thousand years and more, but they have reasoned in this way: We must have a living out of the church, and if we allow the people to step in between us and spirit life and commune with the spirit world, they will accept the teachings from spirit side of life, and ourselves and our church will be left out in the cold. So they have kept the best part back from the people, until the people have now made up their minds, many of them, to investigate for themselves.

And how hard both Catholic and Protestant churches have fought us, and lied, in our attempt to reach our friends over there, and how they fight and lie to us to-day and deny that a spirit can come back when in fact they do not go away; and the mission of spirit communism is to help us out of the fog and darkness that the churches have undertaken to keep us in.

My friends, I believe that the spirit world lies right here, right about us, and with us, here on earth right around us, and that the spirits that have gone before, dwell with us for a long time after they leave the body.

The mission of spirit communism has also another work to do, and that is to help the lowly spirit that has gone over the line and dwells in darkness on the other shore.

And we have a work to do, in helping those darkened minds to progress up into the higher realms of spirit life. We are spirits as much as they are, and can help one another to climb the ladder of progression and so start them along the eternal road toward the light. This life is one grade of spirit life. We will soon take a step higher into the next grade of spirit existence, and the question is, are we ready for the great change?

This earth life is the school life of the soul, do you get your lessons well and be prepared, not to meet an angry God, but to meet yourself, for over there you will stand revealed with yourself, and your own conscience will be your accusing judge and your own conscience will be your recording angel who will record and record it well, all the good as well as had deeds, upon the tablet of your memory forever or until the bad deeds are faded or overshadowed with the good done here on earth or in spirit life. Many of us will be ashamed of ourselves, and not a few but what will wish for earth life to make amends in.

Be ye prepared for the coming change, and then there is another thing about it, a man or woman that is not happy here, will not be happy over there on the golden strand, even if he does live in the paradise of the spirit.

And I have no doubt but a grumbler here, will be a fault finder over there, and growl at what they get when they did not deserve what they did get.

Let us one and all make it our mission to spread this glorious truth and spread it broadcast over the land. J. V. DENNIS.  
Buffalo, N. Y.



## PERSONAL.

G. W. Kates and wife will lecture and give tests in Philadelphia, Pa., during December, at 10th and Columbia Ave., between 15th and 16th streets. Address them at that city, care Henry Glazier, Wheatheat Lane, 25th Ward.

Prof. J. M. Allen has finished his sixth month in Peoria, Ill. Mrs. M. T. Allen has also been at work there since September 15, to most excellent acceptance. They report the cause flourishing, the interest and attendance increasing. A Children's Progressive Lyceum has been organized also, with J. Lyceum Allen Conductor, Mrs. M. T. Allen, Guardian of Groups; Mrs. E. B. Davis, Treasurer; Miss Annie Widmeyer, Musical Director; and G. W. Palmer, Librarian. The address of Mr. and Mrs. Allen is 235 Moss Avenue, Peoria, Ill.

## Movements of Mediums.

[All announcements and notices under this head must be received at this office by Monday to insure insertion the same week.]

Mary L. French is open for engagements for 1889.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis is now residing at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

G. W. Kates will lecture and give tests during the month of November in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Frank T. Ripley is lecturing and giving tests to large and enthusiastic audiences at Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. T. J. Lewis, speaker and test medium, at Harrison Ave., Boston, will answer calls in the Eastern States.

Mrs. Sallie C. Scoville, psychometric reader and test medium, has now taken parlors at 1115 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Fannie Ogden, 618 Main street, Peoria, Ill. Trance, Test and Psychometric reader. Can be engaged for the season of 88 and 89.

Miss Josephine Webster, Trance and Platform Test medium, will answer calls for the fall and winter months. 98 Park street, Chelsea, Mass.

Dr. Delavan De Voe, the renowned automatic slate writer and magnetic healer, is now located at 308 W. Fourteenth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Sallie Scoville, the well-known psychometric reader, again in the city and can be found at No. 1415 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Lizzie D. Bailey, trance lecturer and psychometric reader, is open for engagements. Reasonable terms. Address Dr. Thos. McAbby, 727 Twelfth st., Louisville, Ky.

Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, Slate-Writer, is now at his home, Rockwell Centre, N. Y., devoting his personal attention to the development, through his pamphlet by mail, of mediumship throughout the country.

Mrs. E. A. Wells is now ready to make engagements to lecture, or as a platform test medium. Societies desiring to make engagements must state time for first January 1889. Address 890 Sixth avenue, New York.

Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee, trance lecturer and medium, of Geneva, N. Y., will speak during the winter months for the First Spiritualist Society of Watertown, New York. Her address is No. 12 Bronson street, East Watertown, New York.

Dr. Dean Clarke, a veteran worker and one of our most eloquent inspirational speakers, desires immediate engagements for the winter months. Let all who want an energetic and highly-endowed spiritual teacher send for him. Address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Mr. W. A. Mansfield, the well-known slate writing medium who spent the summer at Campidoglio Camp, has returned to Boston to pursue his studies in the Monroe College of Oratory. He is now located at 506 Columbus Avenue, and will devote a portion of his time, afternoons, to the exercise of his gifts as a medium.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher, lecturer and public test medium, will speak in Providence, R. I., during October, in Williamstown, Conn., the first and second Tuesdays in November; in Springfield, Mass., from the third Tuesday of November until January 1889. Address No. 8 Beacon street, Boston, Mass. Mr. Fletcher accepts engagements in New England only.

Mrs. Ada Fox, the distinguished platform test medium, of San Francisco, Cal., occupies the Spiritualist rostrum in Cleveland during the month of December. Friends in the surrounding towns, wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity, can negotiate for her services on week evenings by addressing Thos. Lees, 105 Cross street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Frank T. Ripley, speaker and platform test medium, will occupy the Spiritualist rostrum at New Bedford and Lowell, Mass., during the Sundays of December—the first two Sundays at New Bedford, in January '89, he will serve the First Spiritualist Society, at Alleghany City, Pa., instead of Pittsburgh, as heretofore announced through a misunderstanding, for which we are wholly in fault.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan is now ready to make engagements for camp work in the months of July and August, '89. She may be addressed at South Framingham, Mass. During the month of April and half of May, '89, she will speak on Sundays in Ohio, and will engage to speak week days and evenings of this period at points in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, giving a course of six lectures at a place, as she is now doing in New England, or a less number, as may be desired, on a moderate charge. Regarding such engagements she respectfully solicits correspondence.

## CINCINNATI MEDIUMS.

Mrs. J. H. Stowell, Trance. Bates Avenue, near Colerain.

A. Willis, materialization, No. 19 Broadway.

Mrs. S. Seery, 34 Gest street, Trumpet and Slate Writing.

J. D. Lyons, 188 Richmond street, Trance, Readings from Letters, Photos, Hair, etc.

Mrs. M. Engert, Trumpet. 67 Marshall Ave.

Mrs. A. Kibby, clairvoyant and test medium, 538 W. Eighth street.

Mrs. Stewart, Trumpet and Independent Slate Writing, 10 Addison street.

Mrs. Anna Cissna, Independent Slate Writer, 454 West Eighth street.

Mrs. Laura A. Carter, Hawthorne avenue, Price Hill, Independent Slate Writer.

Joseph Schweinberger, trumpet medium, No. 3 Corwin street, between McMillen and Walnut.

S. S. Baldwin, Magnetic Healer and Developing Medium, 34 East Sixth street.

## Little Testimonials.

"A Union there is strength." It is the same with "Union Vinegar," made by Messrs. S. W. & G. C. Jennings, whose firm is styled the Union Vinegar Co., and whose location is at 27-29 Canal street. These are distillers of wine and elder vinegars of best qualities, and manufacturers of sweet and crabbed, table sauces, catsup and French mustard. Their goods are of standard strength and quality, and as staple in this market as flour and pork.

Kline's Ink is the best writing fluid for counting-house use of which we have any knowledge. For many years it has been used in the public schools of Cincinnati, and is largely endorsed by business men everywhere. Manufactured in this city by C. A. Aiken, who bottles it for the trade and supplies orders by the gallon or barrel.

For more than a quarter of a century, a goodly number of the people of the West have been supplied with Trunks, Valises, Satchels, Hand Bags, and Sample Cases, by the well-known manufacturer, M. A. McGuire, of 12 W. Main street, Cincinnati. Reliable work and reasonable prices bring prosperity to him and satisfaction to his customers.

## A Note.

All persons desiring to ask questions of the controlling spirit of "The Independent Club" can forward their queries to Fred V. Fuller, 11 Bowdoin street, Boston, Mass., and will be presented to the club, Independent Club Seances given through the mediumship of Mr. John William Fletcher, of Boston. "Fidelity," the controlling spirit.

## The First Society of Spiritualists of New York.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Mr. Lyman C. Howe discoursed in the morning upon the following subjects selected by the audience. "And Joshua said in the sight of Israel, sun, stand thou upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Asechalon, and the sun stood still and the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves of their enemies. The Lord fought for Israel." "If you cannot know a thing except by having an affection for it, how do you get ideas enough of it to have an affection for it?" "Why do you call God good? If he is the author of all things, he must be the author of all evil as well as good; of all the horrible cruelties incident to the dark ages of the past as well as of all the pain, suffering and misery of the present; and as this largely predominates over the good, may he not properly be called devil? Does it help it any to say it was his plan for the development of the race? Is not this plan pretty rough on poor, suffering humanity?"

"When a clairvoyant magnetizes a sick person, does it lessen his clairvoyant power?" "Where does the consciousness or individual control of the trance medium end, and the control of the disembodied entity begin?" The subjects of the poems were: "The still, small voice of light within," and "Eclipse."

The masterly manner in which Mr. Howe handled this conglomeration of subjects, adds another star to the fame of this speaker.

In the evening Mr. Howe spoke on "The Genius of Modern Spiritualism." His lectures on both occasions were well received and frequently applauded. This ends his present engagement for the First Society.

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham will occupy the platform here next Sunday and every Sunday during December.

The meeting for manifestations in the afternoon was largely attended by a select and appreciative audience. A piano solo, "La Traviata," was beautifully rendered by Miss Ella F. Porter; "Harvest Home," whistling solo, by Miss Mamie Horton, encore, "Annie Laurie," A song, "Angel's Serenade," by Miss Maud F. Pleasant; Mrs. Henry J. Newton read a poem, "The Reward," by John G. Whittier; also a poem of the late John W. Storey.

Mrs. Wells gave a large number of satisfactory tests as usual. Mark A. Pomeroy spoke on the Divinity of Spiritualism. He held the theme in a manner that was both new and interesting. Next Sunday afternoon he speaks from the same platform on "Cranks; spiritual and otherwise, and their uses." There was a large audience in attendance despite the severe snow storm, all pronouncing the meeting a grand success, and of the most interesting since the organization.

An engagement has been made with Miss Lily Ronalds, the "Queen of Song," whose rendition of the "Rock of Ages" has made her name famous throughout the country, to sing for the First Society at all the services. Her engagement commences next Sunday. Lily Ronalds has but few if any equals in English song. The Hartford Daily Times says: Lily Ronalds sang here last night and surprised our musical people with her superb voice. She gave the most beautiful composition, Eckert's Swiss Echo song, with fine artistic skill, producing the echo so naturally that many people believed she had an assistant behind the scenes. In this song she took high D with as much ease as ordinary singers take two or three notes lower.

Fraternally Yours, PATTERSON.

New York, November 25, 1888.

## A Spirit Picture Test.

At the request of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Foster, "Special photographers," we held a spirit picture test on November 18, 1888, of which we make the following statement:

November 18, 1888, S. W. Falls, 587 West Ohio street, and S. E. W. Martin, 37 North Wood street, Chicago, Ill., purchased of Gayton A. Douglass & Co., 247 Wabash Ave., a box of "Seeds," No. 23-553 dry plates, and one Blain's feather weight "Holder." The box of plates was thoroughly sealed again by Dr. Falls. This parcel remained in possession of Mr. Martin till the morning of November 18, 1888, when it was taken to the studio of Mr. H. O. Howe, 18 South Paulina street, where it was examined by Mr. Falls and found intact as when he last saw it. The box of plates was then opened in the presence of all three of us in the said Howe's "dark room" and two plates selected, marked and placed in the said holder purchased by us; one by Mr. Howe and one by Mr. Falls. The undersigned with these plates and holder in their possession at once proceeded to the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Foster, 704 Fulton street, where they proceeded to take two photographs of Mr. Martin in the usual manner, the holder containing the said plates being handled entirely by Mr. Falls and not at any time in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Foster. The camera, lenses, back, and room, etc., were thoroughly examined by the undersigned and nothing that would indicate fraud discovered. After the exposures were made the holder and plates were removed from the camera by Mr. Falls and taken by the undersigned to the studio of Mr. Howe, where they were "developed" in our presence by Mr. Howe. They seemed to be the same plates that had been in the camera, marked by Messrs. Howe and Falls. On each plate besides the head and shoulders of Mr. Martin there appeared three other faces, though not yet plain enough to satisfy the committee.

In attestation of the truth of the above statements we have hereto attached our names: S. E. W. Martin, 37 North Wood street; S. W. Falls, 587 West Ohio street; H. O. Howe, 18 South Paulina street.

In the presence of James Harris, R. C. Curtis, subscribed and sworn to before me, this 22d day of November, 1888.

JAMES HARRIS, Notary Public.

## A Pleasant Surprise.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Boston, Nov. 24, 1888.

On Thursday evening last a party of fifty ladies and gentlemen, members of the Boston Spiritualists Aid Society, led by the venerable Spiritualist patriars, Dr. A. H. Richardson, met at the house of J. Frank Baxter, Esq., Walnut street, Chelsea, for the purpose of giving his estimable wife a birthday surprise, assembling in the parlors in an informal manner.

The President, Mrs. Barnes, introduced Dr. Richardson who, in turn, called on Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, and informed them of the object of the visit, and other well chosen remarks, during which he presented to Mrs. Baxter in behalf of the Ladies Aid, of which she is a member, a basket of beautiful flowers, handsomely arranged, as a slight token of their love and esteem towards her. Mrs. Baxter received the gift in a graceful manner and replied accordingly. Mr. Baxter also responded in behalf of his wife, and thanked them kindly for their visit and for their good will. Besides many compliments to the ladies and gentlemen, he gave a brief account of his mediumship from early life to the present time, and then favored the company with a few vocal selections. Hereupon a beautiful repast was given, and after the usual amount of pleasant conversation the company parted, each wishing a long and happy life to Mr. and Mrs. Baxter and daughter.

The arrangements were in charge of Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Aibee and Mrs. Daisley who deserve great credit for the able manner in which the affair was carried out, it being a complete surprise to Mrs. Baxter.

Yours truly, RICHARD LAUNDY.

Des Moines, Iowa.

B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa.

Dear Sir—I received your Mailed Pebble Spectacles, and, on using them, I found them to be simply perfection.

MRS. MATTIE F. HULL.

## A Card.

As I am much in need of money, whoever sends me ten cents and their address will receive by mail a copy of one of my best lectures; one delivered on the death of a young lady, who was not a Christian, but universally beloved by those who knew her. She had been to a dance the night before and sat reading a novel when the death-chamber came in apoplexy, sealing her fate. Order and Catholicism be true. Her real fate is described.

WARREN CHASE, Cobden, Ill.

## The Chicago Spiritual Fraternity.

Hold public meetings every Sunday at 3 and 7:45 p. m., Kimball Hall, No. 245 State street, corner of Jackson. Mr. J. Clegg Wright, the well-known eloquent inspirational speaker, will conduct the services the five Sundays of December. Subject for December 24, at 3 p. m., "Normal and Abnormal Mental States," and 7:45 p. m., "Man, Magnetism and Spirit," to be followed by several of our best speakers and mediums.

## National Simplicity.

In Italy, from whence we are receiving such a flood of immigration, education is at the lowest ebb. Of the population over six years of age in 1881, 61 per cent. could not read nor write, and the proportion was about the same for those above fifteen years. In Southern Italy the per cent. was 79.46; in the islands 80.91, and in Basilicata, 83.38. We have been taking in the illiterate of Europe indiscriminately, and have excused all immigration from China where education is all but universal. There are few adult Chinese who cannot both read and write, and yet we will have none of them. In this the laws of the United States discriminate directly against an educated people, while it throws wide open its national portals to welcome the ignorant, the diseased and vicious of the illiterate hordes of Europe, and there ever greater national stupidity?—[American.]

## Two Men's Thanksgiving Reverses.

At Mr. Romain's fine country house there was a great Thanksgiving dinner. Wits, authors, actors and artists of high degree were to grace the board; for, be it known, Mr. Romain is famous. His books sell the world over. Pens less renowned than his own hang upon his favors.

The guests went up the broad steps and were ushered into the handsome parlors. Mrs. Romain received them, but the great author was not to be seen. The truth was Thanksgiving was an anniversary of which he never spoke to a soul; and although he intended to be as cheerful and entertaining as possible to his friends, he had been overtaken by melancholy reminiscence. It had all come from reading a little old newspaper, too. Lighting a cigar he walked out and strolled toward the hills.

If his stylish wife and admiring guests had been able to photograph his mind just then they would have been surprised. He was thinking of a Thanksgiving twenty years ago. He had been very poor then; but his early love, his first wife, was with him. He was thinking as he strolled back and forth on the lawn this morning that that Thanksgiving was the happier. The little poem that he had just read jingled through his mind. It seemed to have been written especially for him:

We were paupers, she and I,  
And the bread was hard to win;  
But our hearts, dear the sky,  
Let God's purest sunlight in.  
She was meekly dressed, you see,  
In her faded cotton gown,  
But her smile was heaven to me,  
And I never saw her frown.

We were young, and life was sweet,  
And we loved each other more  
When there scarce was food to eat,  
And the world was full of sorrow;  
There was always hope, you know;  
We could dream that skies were blue,  
But my darling had to go  
Just before the dream came true.

The verses drifted through Mr. Romain's mind like far off bells, making sweet, sad music. He was back in "the garret near the sky," and the picture seemed sweeter to his fancy than all his fine possessions of to-day. He wished he was poor again, if poverty could bring back his early love and his youth. With this thought in his mind he sighed turned toward home.

In a shabby little house on a lonesome hill was a gray haired, dim eyed man, who looked out of a window and saw Mr. Romain strolling idly by. He too sighed "I don't understand the rulings of this world," he said. "There is Romain, he has everything he wants. Money and fame have come at his call. Twenty years ago I was rich and he was poor. Now, I am growing old in poverty, which I have not brought upon myself by dissipation or recklessness. If could only go back twenty years to another Thanksgiving," and he sighed again.

Mr. Romain went back home to his distinguished guests. The man who envied him turned to his table of pork and beans. Both envied the past.

Mr. Romain was still dreamily humming some lines from the newspaper poem as he went up the steps of his handsome house. They were these:

And we loved each other more  
When there scarce was food to eat,  
And the world was full of sorrow;

NAOMI TRENT.

Written for The Better Way.

## The Work Goes Briskly On.

BY WARREN CHASE.

The Foxy fiasco in New York, proved a fizzle, and every attempted exposure of Spiritualism or its mediums, has helped on the cause by calling attention to it, by which many honest seekers for the evidence of the intercourse, find it a help to expose the fraud hunters, who, like the old witch finders, wait for pay without any conscience or principle. There are plenty of such among the reporters, who are employed to caricature every unpopular cause or movement in the interest of those opposed to it and all changes, that disturb the conditions of society by which they get an easy living and often wealth. The time has come when the agitators and opponents of social, political and religious tyranny and corruption, can write and speak, if decently done, without being executed or imprisoned.

My early experiences, extensive travels and many years of labor with tongue and pen, in the cause of spirit intercourse, and reports from various parts of our country by which I am enabled to keep well posted on the subject, and I am sure there never was a time when our cause was very prosperous, and now the great quadrennial monsoon of a presidential election is over, no doubt there will be an accelerated reaction in all of the religious lines of commotion, and we may as well be prepared for a renewal of attacks by our common enemy, the old strong and popular churches, especially the Catholic, which has at last succeeded in coaxing or driving the younger two of the Fox sisters to denounce the intercourse, which they had been instrumental in, bringing to the knowledge of hundreds, if not thousands.

Cobden, Ill., Nov. 8, 1888.

## Closing Exercises.

Of the American Health College and Vitaphathic Scientific Institute, at the College Buildings, Fairmount, Cincinnati, Ohio, Saturday and Sunday, November, 24 and 25, 1888.

At the close of the fall session of the Vitaphathic Health Lectures, teaching this higher system of health and life of body and soul, here and hereafter, the students had been thoroughly instructed by their able preceptor in the principles and practice of the Vitaphathic System, which is now acknowledged to be vastly superior to all other known systems of health, and is fast spreading over the civilized world. As many of the class as bore a full and satisfactory examination in all departments of the superior Vitaphathic system of practice were passed to the graduating class, and received the high double diploma of the American Health College, fully prepared to practice their high profession for the cure of sick and suffering humanity.

The names of those who attained these high honors are as follows:

C. A. Russell, New York; C. W. Mason, Missouri; H. A. Bigelow, Arkansas; John McGrew, Colorado; N. C. Greene, Missouri; Emma B. Greene, Missouri; John A. McKnight, Washington Ter; Melissa H. McKnight, Washington Ter; Emmett Crosby, Wisconsin; E. J. Warner, Kansas; Mollie D. Morrison, Illinois; Catherine Grandjean, Ohio; Michael Herold, Ohio; Jennie Campbell, Ohio; H. D. Miller, Pennsylvania; E. L. H. A. Chopell, Connecticut.

These all received their diplomas on Saturday. On Sunday, the grand and sublime vital ceremonies of the Vitaphathic Brotherhood were celebrated in the presence of a large assembly. The ceremonies consisted of music by the choir, followed by the Vitaphathic silent breathing prayer, in which all participated. Then was instituted, the grand vitaphathic sacrament in which new vitalized and spiritualized milk is used instead of the bread and wine, as being more vital and nutritive and of more value to soul and body, and emblematic of the highest food of eternal life. The milk being thoroughly vitalized and blessed by the High Priest of Vitaphathy, was poured into small glasses and handed with appropriate words to the recipients, as they filed up in reverential silence, some for the first time.

Then followed the higher and more select vitaphathic spiritual baptism for the graduates, also a very interesting ceremony and in accordance with the rules of the order. Then came the still more select and sublime ceremony of the vitaphathic ministerial ordination, for the advanced graduates who had become fully converted to these higher doctrines and methods and were willing to accept the whole armor of Vitaphathy, for the benefit of humanity. In this ceremony the candidate, with the ordaining bishop, sits in an open space, while the brothers and sisters stand around him forming a ring of love and circle of power.

All being ready, the Bishop placed his hands on the candidate's head, touching the organs of veneration for the purpose of centralizing the power in the circle, and says: "Brother, you have learned the vitaphathic system, graduated at its college, partaken of its higher sacrament, and holier spiritual baptism, and are ready to take on the higher office of vitaphathic minister, we now, therefore, by authority of our countries laws, and heaven's highest power ordain you a vitaphathic minister and physician with full authority and power to preach the gospel of life as contained in the great vitaphathic system in all its fulness and power to all people in all worlds, in all time and eternity, to attend funerals, solemnize marriages, and to do whatever a vitaphathic minister-physician can do to comfort the afflicted, relieve the distressed, heal the sick, commune with angels, receive higher inspiration, cast out devils, raise the dead, perpetuate existence and make human life immortal. All Power is now yours; go and perform your duty well, and all the life and power and love of vitaphathy be with you forever."

These ceremonies were beautifully interspersed with music and song, led by that Queen of Music, Mrs. Emma Hazen, V. D. The spring session of the American Health College commences on the fourth of March.

There were a number of interesting speeches and presentations made, but we have only space to notice one by Miss Edith A. Chapell, of New London, Conn., in which she said: "Prof. J. B. Campbell: Our father in Vitaphathy, we, your students of this fall class, present you with these flowers, as a token of our love, respect and gratitude for your almost paternal kindness; and for your high and noble teachings that has broken the chains of ignorance and superstition, and pointed us to a higher and more useful life. We choose these flowers because they are emblematic of love, wisdom and truth, as attributes that we find in you to an eminent degree. May these graces adorn our lives with a rich fragrance like unto those beautiful flowers, and may we be an honor to our noble preceptor and our cherished Alma Mater; and may you live long to be useful and happy and enjoy the honor and benefits of the great system of health you have invented, is our wish and sincere desire."

## MRS. FLORENCE K. RICH.

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## Speakers and Mediums.

Under engagement by the Union Society of Spiritualists, Cincinnati, for the dates named:

DECEMBER: Mrs. E. A. Wells, Feb. 1889; Mrs. N. T. Brigham, March, 1889; Helen Stuart-Richings, April, 1889; Jennie B. Hagan, May, 1889; Edgar W. Emerson, June, 1889; Edgar W. Emerson.

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## SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Through the Mediumship of HELEN MARSH CAMPBELL, Washington, D. C., by the Controlling Spirit, King Henry VIII.

1. I am William Eagan; I come to my wife, Hannah. Darling Hannah, Willie is with me, and Mr. Sheehan sends love to his daughter Maggie. Mother Whalan is also with us. Now, dear Hannah, you did right; don't you have any "fraid" about it. Tell Mary Francis that she'd better be careful how she does, because her health is not very strong. Now, good bye Hannah, and I hope you are well.

2. I am Mary Frances Burnham; I come to my own dear Tom, who is well known to Colonel Boudinot. Tommy, stay where you are; it's the best thing for you in the agency. Don't be unfaithful to Red Cloud, Tommy, for you know he saved your life. Fanny and Annie are both well; I have seen them both in their earth homes, and your Aunt Mary Seaton is with me. Now, Tommy, one thing more. Please save your money; don't use it for nothing like you have been doing. Remember always that your brother loves you, and is watching over you. Remember to do right for the sake of right.

3. My name is Finley; I want to tell Mr. Binkley that trouble and evil living caused my death.

4. I am Margaret Blake; I want Katie and Lizzie, my daughters, and Maggie, my married daughter, and Jimmy and Johnny, my sons, to know that I am happy. Kate, Father McManus won't help you. Be good to Maggie's children; she's good to you. Tell Annie Mullen Blake that Annette Amos sends her love from the spirit world. Now, dear children, don't wrangle and dispute so much, and Kate, you be quiet and then they'll be.

5. I am Edward Rutherford; I want to find B. Frank Heide. He is living now in Knoxville, Tenn. I left Frank six years ago for Santa Barbara, and he has not heard of me. Now, I was killed in A. Reuter's bar room. Alice saw it; write to her and she'll tell you more about it. All are well in Santa Barbara, and you'll soon hear from the "spec."

6. I am Florence Reus; I come to reach papa George. Tell him not to be so frightened about Arthur; tell him also that dear Sister Lottie will be a credit to him. Papa, I'm so glad Lily is learning to sing. Please, sir, give my love to George and the rest.

7. I am Cecelia Blackburn; I want to commune with Mary Thompson. If Mary will remember, we made a compact, that who ever went over first would come back and notify the other. Now, Mary, this message is written November 15th, after I had been in the spirit world nine hours. I am happy. I never lost consciousness for one instant.

8. I am Lena Smith; I come to my darling husband, Henry. Oh, Henry, take care of Rowland. Darling, for the sake of a proof I shall give you the names, Lena, Mamie and Harrie, my own little daughters. Do you see Mrs. Schooley now? Oh, Henry, Henry, I am your Lena! My heart caused my death. And now may God bless you all.

9. I am Henry Stanton; I come to Elise; I come to tell her that I will not trouble her again. Minerva, a former pupil of yours, sends her love. Elise look to Virginia for employment. If possible, try at Kanawha. There is no use seeking work here in Washington.

10. I am Elizabeth Jenkins; I want to reach my father. He is well known; indeed he is eminently known. I want him to write or go to Mrs. Wells; I'll come to him there, or send him a communication.

11. To my dear children of THE BETTER WAY, write I, in order that I may make known to them the reason for my silence. C. M. Keith, my beloved scribe, has been confined to her couch by reason of illness, hence neither messages, nor answers to your letters have reached you this fortnight. To-day, for the first time, will messages be transferred to paper.

Messages from Bishop Simpson. To the Editor of The Better Way.

In your issue of November 17, I noticed an article, "Words of a Bishop,"—who has not heard of Mathew Simpson?—a man of advanced thought, ripe culture, extensive experience and incomparable eloquence; who has traveled in many climes and come in contact with many modes of thought and forms of faith. Hear him speak on the invisible world!

The article I understand was words spoken while he lived and labored among us in this world. I hold in my possession several messages in late writing out of the spirit land, obtained from him at different times through the mediumship of Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, during my stay at Cassadaga Camp last August. If of sufficient interest for your paper, will send them to you to copy and return original to me.

The writing and signature resembles those of the bishop.

In explanation, it may perhaps be proper to make a few remarks. Years ago the wonderful power of Bishop Simpson's preaching at the Warren, Pennsylvania, conference, made me a Methodist. Last August, chance brought me to Cassadaga Camp Meeting of the Spiritualists. I came here an earnest Christian and a skeptic on Spiritualism and left after a sojourn of four weeks, a believer, that the Bishop was again instrumental in my conversion. Those messages will indicate that they are answers to my inquiries after truth.

The last message has reference to the following: Hon. A. B. Richmond, whom I met at Cassadaga, appeared to be interested in these messages as he desired to take photographic copies and use them in the proposed appendix to the second edition of his book "Review of the Seybert (Commissioners') Report." Being somewhat undecided about allowing their publication, permission was given, as the message shows.

C. W. H. E.  
Western Penna., Nov. 22, 1898.

THE MESSAGES.  
My Dear Sir and Brother: Follow out whatever you conceive to be the truth to yourself. This is from God and is good. All faiths have their good teachings and their errors. There is less of error in this "new dispensation," than in the old ones, if indeed they may be called such. I will be with you in your effort.

My Esteemed Sir and Brother: That Jesus, a divinely inspired man, did live there is no question; but he is so far advanced in spirit life, none of us have seen him. As to God, my idea is that He is so vast, so superior, that we can only after ages of purifying reach His standard or know of Him. He is so mighty and superior to any of us we cannot reach him. Do not be mentally disturbed; all will come out right.

This return of spirit, after the dissolution of the mortal body, should be known to all men. It is destined to overthrow all creeds, faiths, doctrines, etc. The walls of the church will crumble and fall from the clogs of ancient superstition and the bold and dangerous knocks of bigotry. Keep up your courage, and when you find a truth, hold fast to it. You are now upon the correct path. Swerve neither to the right, nor to the left; but pursue your way steadily toward the beacon that stands aloft—the vast light of spiritual fact.

My Kind Sir: I never did utter sentiments I was afraid to have people hear when I was in the pulpit and talking on faith. Now that I speak and write from positive knowledge and personal experience in the after life, I fear not to have my words go everywhere. Let the good gentleman have them, if he so desires.  
(Hon. A. B. Richmond.)

Gerald Massey on the Devil. He Says His Nibs is Only a Myth and that the Real Devil is "Our Worsen Self."

Gerald Massey's second and last lecture under the auspices of the First Independent Club, was delivered before a big audience at Berkeley Hall yesterday afternoon. J. W. Fletcher presided, making a short preliminary speech in which he defined the purposes of the First Independent Club as two-fold—first, the study and discussion of spiritual and metaphysical problems, and secondly—the restraining from slander. Mr. Fletcher then announced that Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker would occupy the platform the two following Sunday afternoons. Mr. Massey, on being introduced, said:

There are two things which I have come to look upon as constituting the unpardonable sin of father and mother against the helpless innocence of infancy. The one is in allowing their little children to run the risk of blood poisoning—such as was once suffered by a child of mine—from the filthy fraud of vaccination. The other is in permitting the mind and soul of their children to be inoculated with the still more fatal virus of the old, false, orthodox dogmas and delusions.

Mr. Massey then criticized the doctrine of the trinity as unintelligible, and said it had its origin in heathen mythology. He proceeded: As with the trinity, so it is with the origin of the theological devil. The crucial question of the savage man Friday was too fundamental for the theology of Robinson Crusoe. Friday asks: "But, if God much strong, much mighty as the devil why God no kill the devil, and so make him no more wicked?" Crusoe, imitating other theologians, not knowing what to say, "pretended not to hear him." I am told this passage has been omitted from certain recent editions of "Robinson Crusoe." To give an answer to that question, we shall have to go back a long distance.

The lecturer then traced the origin of the Satanic idea back to the first great natural adversary recognized by primitive man, that is, darkness, the earliest devil, the obstructor and deluder of man, the eternal enemy of the sun. Darkness was the vast, huge swallower of the light. But primitive man did not imagine or personify a devil behind the darkness as its cause. Darkness itself was the devil.

After mentioning the various heathen myths of the devil, Mr. Massey said: Our theology has made the primal shadow of physical phenomena substantial in the mental sphere, and from the external darkness of that beginning has extracted and internalized the modern devil. There is no devil such as Milton saw, and you must know, much current theology has been derived from "Paradise Lost." The mythical devil was pretty much dying out until it was revived by the theology of Calvin, Luther, and Milton. The Romish church did not delfy the devil as Protestants

have done. She was better acquainted with the tradition of his creation and the earthly nature of his character. Luther and Calvin doubled the devil and placed one at each end of their scheme of things, the upper or bright God being rather the worse devil of the two. They put the doctrine of dualism as perplexingly as did the negro preacher who told his congregation that there were two rooms open to them—one of these led directly to destruction and the other went straight to perdition.

Mr. Massey continued: There is devil enough, however, only of another kind the one we have played with, the devil and hell of my creed consist in that natural Nemesis which follows on broken laws and dogs the law breaker, in spite of any belief of his, that his sins and their inevitable results can be so cheaply sponged out as he has been misled to think, through the shedding of innocent blood. Nature knows nothing of the forgiveness for sin. She has no rewards or punishments—nothing but causes and consequences.

Mr. Massey grew very earnest and eloquent as he exclaimed: "We have been following a phantom of faith, and the actual, veritable devil has been dogging us! Indeed! This is not a Satan of God's making. Not an archangel ruined, who, in falling, found a foothold on this earth for the purpose of dragging men down with him to that lower deep for which he is bound, but a devil to be recognized by his likeness to ourselves that is in our worse self, one of our own ignorance and the delinquency of self, one bequeathed to us by the accumulated gains of centuries of ignorant selfishness, and selfish ignorance—a devil to be grappled with and wrestled with and throttled, overthrown and overcome and put out of existence—not only in the struggle against all that is evil in the isolated individual life, but by the energies of all collected and clubbed and made co-operant to destroy the causes of evil wherever these can be identified, whether as religious or political, moral or social. We stand in heaven's own light and cast the evil shadow of self and say it is the devil.

You must look out for natural consequences and effects that follow causes, not for rewards and punishments! You know that a little bile in the blood may cause great mental distress. But it is perfectly absurd to ask God to save you from these blacks in your eyes and blue devils in your brain. You must look to your liver and obey the laws of health. Eschew tobacco instead of chewing it, take less whisky or coffee, as the case may be. God intends man to get rid of evil as he grows enlightened enough to deal more wisely with human conditions in the process of what? Of becoming manlier and womanlier.

Mr. Massey was very frequently interrupted by applause. At the conclusion of the lecture he left for Hyde Park to spend a few days with his friend, A. E. Giles.—[Boston Globe, Nov. 19.]

## SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

Mrs. N. Andross, Dalton, Wis.  
Mrs. R. Augusta Anthony, Albion, Mich.  
Mrs. R. A. Albee, Barton Landing, Va.  
Wm. H. Andrews, M. D., Cedar Falls, Ia.  
C. Fannie Allen, Stoneham, Mass.  
James Madison Allen, Peoria, Ill.  
Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Colerain, Mass.  
Mrs. E. H. Britten, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, Eng.  
Mrs. R. W. Scott Briggs, 18 Alken street, Utica, N. Y.  
Bishop A. B. B. State street, Albany, N. Y.  
Addie L. Burton, Corney, Mich.  
Dr. J. K. Bailey, P. O. Box 123, Scranton, Pa.  
G. H. Brooks, 802 Hoyt street, East Saginaw, Mich.  
J. Frank Baxter, 181 Walnut street, Chelsea, Mass.  
Mrs. L. E. Bailey, Battle Creek, Mich.  
Milton Baker, 50 Bank st., Trenton, N. J.  
Mrs. Abby N. Burnham, 50 Appleton st., Boston, Mass.  
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And Love shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and the faces of the sad shall glow radiant in the light of Eternal Dawn; the weary-hearted shall find rest; and the heavily-laden shall drop their burdens; for the Land of the Blest overflows with boundless mercies for all who enter therein.

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Part second of this interesting book opens with "Morna's Story," in five installments—an autobiographical narrative. This remarkable history has never before appeared in print. It treats of life, states of government, schools, art, language, training, locomotion, food and nutrition, in world beyond. "Morna's Story" also tells of transitions from world to world, of sacred councils in the spiritual kingdom, and of the high development of mediumship in such a state, giving much information on important subjects to those who read. We also have here those interesting stories of several chapters each, "Here and Beyond" and "Slippery Places," which "Morna" has given us in the past. The volume concludes with a new story of sixteen chapters, which that interesting spirit presents to the public for the first time, entitled "The Blind Clairvoyant, or a Tale of Two Worlds." Those who have read the serials emanating from the mind of "Morna" through the pen of Miss Shelhamer, need not be told of what a treat they will have in store in the perusal of this production.

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# A Reporter Attends a Marvelous Seance Given by Mrs. C. B. Bliss.

An Old Pittsburgher Recognized.

The desire for knowledge is, of course, universal; but the strange, almost morbid, seeking for the unknown the hidden, the occult, the superstitious, has its greatest field and its strongest hold among the Spiritualists; and the growing strength of these people in Pittsburgh would seem marvelous to the public if the facts were known.

The facts are not known, however, and probably will not be known, as these people form a close sect, and confine their inquiries, their opinions, their seances and spiritual phenomena to themselves, admitting but a few personal friends.

The fact that Mrs. C. B. Bliss, the well-known Boston medium, the woman with a world-wide reputation, has been giving seances in this city has been whispered about among a certain few; but her whereabouts and her methods have been carefully concealed from the papers, and it was not until last night that a reporter of *The Dispatch* succeeded in gaining admittance to one of her famous sittings.

## THERE WERE FIFTY PRESENT.

Alleged "exposures" have been common, and the famous lady has been unmasked time and again (on paper); nevertheless she continues in her sittings, and her hosts of followers augment daily. No attempt at exposure was made last night, and no such attempt will now be made. The story of the evening will be told, just as it was seen by the writer, with no apology or explanation offered. The public may simply draw their own conclusions.

The residence on Beaver avenue in which the affair occurred will not be named, simply because the worthy family is well-known and desires no newspaper notoriety. At 7 o'clock the guests numbering about fifty, were quietly asked by the host to form in circles in the double parlors, all facing a handsomely draped black cabinet, placed in a corner. This cabinet was then thrown open for inspection, and a careful survey inside showed nothing but a chair in which the medium was to sit. The walls were bare, and the ceiling and floor as solid and smooth as good calaminers could make them. The audience was a well-dressed and intelligent one, and was made up of about half ladies and half gentlemen. The circles were carefully arranged, as the success of the sitting is said to depend greatly on their completeness and union.

## A VERY DRAMATIC SCENE.

All had scarcely been seated, when a young lady in about the center, gave a low, gasping cry, and leaped to her feet throwing her hands about as if attempting to ward off some unseen object.

"I told you not to come," said her mother excitedly, and the half-fainting girl was taken from the room, while her mother told a story of her daughter that sounds like a dream, but was vouched for by a dozen responsible people in the room. It reads like a romance, but was told with the calmness of one who had long since ceased to consider such things strange.

It seems that four years ago the young woman developed into a medium. She was then engaged to a good-looking young Allegheny business man who at first laughed at her power, but is now almost distracted. The mother said that her daughter became in a short while so completely under the influence of certain spirits that she feared for her, and aided her lover with entreaties to drop the matter. This she attempted to do, when, to her horror, she found she was unable to do so. Then began a struggle that rivals the efforts of J. K. to throw off his Hyde.

One dominant spirit, an Indian chief, refused to give her up, and in some of her struggles, in sight of mother and lover, her hair has been mysteriously unbound and flung about her face, while her dress has been torn to tatters; and the chief affirmed

## HE WOULD KILL HER.

before he would give her up. The handsome young lady grew pale and thin, but, aided by her human lover, fought off her controlling influence for a whole year, all the time, however, growing weaker and weaker, until last night she appeared almost a shadow. Her mother advised her to attend the Bliss seance, in the hopes of gaining strength; but the seance of last night only threw her farther back, and what the outcome will be may some day be known, and it was hoped by all that the determined lover and girl would win.

To return to the seance: The lights were turned low, but not so low that a figure could not be plainly seen. Mrs. Bliss, a heavy woman of medium height, then entered the room, turned dreamily about once or twice, then leaned against the cabinet, when a couple of flashes of soft light seemed to come from about her hand. She then entered the cabinet, and to get the audience in unison and promote more favorable conditions, all sang a low, sweet hymn. While this was being done, a lady in the first row turned about and lightly touched the reporter's forehead with the tips of her fingers. Immediately the muscles about his temple contracted, and lights flashed about his eyes, due probably to her intense magnetism.

"I must get rid of it, somehow," was the quiet explanation offered.

The stillness then grew oppressive, and it seemed as if a strong magnetic current were setting in toward the cabinet, and it seemed as if some one must cry out, when a white figure parted the curtains and stood before the people. She was plainly a head and shoulders above Mrs. Bliss; her brown hair was unbound, and she looked eagerly toward a lady in the first circle, and whispered "Sister!" The lady hurried to meet her, threw her arms about her neck and kissed her, and began to cry quietly. The knockings then signified she was to go away, and the lady had hardly turned ere the white-robed figure threw out her hands toward the lady she had called sister, and, with a heart-broken sigh, sank into the floor, directly under the curtained entrance. The newcomers in the audience were horror-

stricken at this; but a well-known lady magnetically whispered sorrowfully: "She was too weak to remain longer."

## RECOGNIZED AT ONCE.

Then almost immediately a finely-dressed gentleman stepped from the cabinet. His hair was a snowy white, and his long, handsomely dressed beard touched his breast. "Dr. Hostetter," gasped a gentleman who had known him personally and long; but the sound had scarcely died away before the figure drew back and was seen no more.

A martial-looking soldier then came out for a moment. He was a splendid looking fellow, fully six feet three; but no one knew him.

Then came the most beautiful figure of the evening, "Alice Brooks," one of the medium's most charming spirits. She spoke to a local medium for a moment, in a low, sweet voice, then disappeared to give place to "Billy, the newsboy," a cute little fellow, not much over four feet, who shook hands with several people, among them the reporter, who found in his grasp a cold, but apparently living, palm. "Billy" is another of the medium's spirits, and always attends her.

Then fathers, mothers and sisters were called up to kiss and embrace those whom they invariably claimed to be their dead relatives, and many of the ladies returned from the cabinet weeping bitterly.

## A SPIRITUAL QUARTET.

One of the prettiest things of the whole evening followed—a song by a spiritual quartet in the cabinet, there being at least four sweet voices heard.

After that, several white-robed women and children came, though many stayed but a moment, and sank out of sight in the entrance, the reason given being that the circles had become broken, and many members of it had become almost, if not quite, distracted, thus producing unfavorable conditions. Several voices, evidently of Indians speaking together, were then heard from the cabinet. They were silenced finally, and, at Mrs. Bliss' request, the lights were turned full on, while she attempted to bring out her favorite medium, "Billy," in the full glare. This attempt had never been made before; and no one was disappointed when it did not succeed; and the weakened, rambling medium then stepped out, giving all a glimpse of the perfectly empty cabinet, while she rejuvenated her magnetic power from the lady healer already referred to.

In the course of the evening fully twenty-five men and women, totally different in face and stature, had emerged from that little cabinet and returned to it, some so rapidly that no "lightning change" could explain it. For this reason no attempt will be made to explain it. The tale is simply told just as it was seen and heard, let the public deduct its own inferences, pro or con.—(Pittsburgh Dispatch, Nov. 12.)

## Are There Spirits?

Experiences of a Reporter in Quest of Knowledge.—An Unvarnished Account of What He Saw and Heard by Gaslight and in the Dark.

"Go and see a slate-writing, a trumpet and a materialization seance, and tell exactly what happens, and what is done, avoid coloring and either writing up or down. In short give the facts—nothing more, nothing less."

Acting under these instructions, and accompanied by a lady truth-seeker, an Equivocal reporter called by appointment upon Mrs. J. H. Carter, of Hawthorne avenue, Price Hill.

Mrs. Carter's occult powers are said to be clairaudient, and also that communications come to her by means of the test known as slate writing. The test seance was held in an upper room of Mrs. Carter's cozy cottage, and in the full glare of a student lamp and coal gas fire, which lent a home-like glow of warmth and quiet to the room.

Mrs. Carter removed several books from a small table that stood against the wall, and placed the table in the center of the room. It was thoroughly examined, and found to be a plain, small table, made of some light wood, stained dark. Over this she placed three piano covers, remarking, "That the only essential to make the slate-writing perfect was darkness."

The writer had prepared three questions, which he wrote out at The Equivocal office about two hours previous, and of which no one but himself had the slightest knowledge. The lady who accompanied the writer was in total ignorance of the existence of the questions. He put these questions on separate slips of paper, enclosed them in separate envelopes and sealed them, placing them in his inside coat pocket. The questions were:

## THE QUESTIONS.

1. Who will be in Harrison's Cabinet?
2. Who murdered Ross, the Cincinnati Exposition Commissioner, in 1882?
3. Was Harry Baldwin murdered by a woman?

Mrs. Carter took a small school slate that folded together and requested the writer to mix the envelopes up so that he would not know what questions were in the different envelopes, for, she said, "it is claimed this is mind-reading, and if you do not know which question is in the envelope, and I can read your mind, then certainly the power I possess is not mind-reading."

The envelopes were accordingly shuffled until the writer did not know which of the envelopes contained a certain question. "Please throw any one of the envelopes under the table at your feet," said Mrs. Carter. This done, Mrs. Carter placed the slate under the table. She sat opposite her visitors. "It is not necessary that we should confine our thoughts to any particular subject," she said; "just as good results will be obtained if we converse as if we remain silent." So a running conversation was kept up for perhaps twenty minutes. Mrs. Carter meantime holding the slate in her right hand under the table, while her left hand remained all the time at her left side.

## HER SENSATIONS DURING SLATE WRITING.

"What are your sensations, Mrs. Carter, when this mysterious power comes over you?" was asked.

"When I feel the influence, a sort of numbness comes over my right side

Perhaps I can best compare it to the tingling sensation one experiences when her foot is asleep. It is not an unpleasant feeling."

At this juncture Mrs. Carter requested the lady to write a question. She complied, and the question was folded up and placed between the slates. In a few minutes, perhaps two or three, Mrs. Carter turned to the lady and said: "Do you know any one named Emma?"

"I do."

"Is it your sister?"

"It is."

"That is clairaudience, for I clearly hear the name of Emma," said Mrs. Carter. "I requested the lady to write the question so as to harmonize the conditions."

Five minutes elapsed. The writer was thinking of his question in the envelope lying on the floor unanswered. The clock on the mantel was ticking off the minutes with monotonous regularity. The little boy who was putting the flowers around the pet lamb's neck in the picture that hung over the mantel seemed to smile on the scene.

## THE SPELL BROKEN.

"A spirit comes to you," said Mrs. Carter. "It resembles Garfield's profile, and seems interested in what you want to know. It says: It is a little difficult to tell at this early date who will be in Mr. Harrison's Cabinet. Mr. Harrison has not made up his own mind."

The envelope was now picked up from under the table by the writer and handed to his companion. She opened and read this question: "Who will be in Harrison's Cabinet?"

The next test was even more mystifying than the first. One of the two remaining sealed envelopes was placed between the folding slates. The writer was requested to hold one side of the slate. Soon the grating noise of the pencil writing could be heard. The writer could feel that something was writing on the slate, and with his disengaged hand felt all around and under the slate, but could detect nothing more than Mrs. Carter's hand on one side of the slate and his own on the other. The writing continued until there came a quick jerk of the slate. "There," said Mrs. Carter, "they have done now." The slate was handed to the writer. On it was written: "These facts are stubborn things. We prove our assertions for immortal life by producing facts, while the pulpit merely makes assertions. W. T."

"That is not an answer to my question," said the writer. "I know," said Mrs. Carter, "but it will be answered 'W. T.' stands for Wilbur Thompson, who is my control. Your question will be answered. Sit down and take hold of the slate."

## THE ROSS MURDER.

It was not five minutes before Mrs. Carter said: "A gentleman has come to you and I see the initials 'A. R.' He points north, and says it was there he met his death."

After a silence of perhaps five minutes, the medium said: "The voices that come to me are like sounds over a telephone. I have not the clairvoyant power to see and describe the spirit to you. This spirit comes in an indistinct manner, and says that he was attacked by a colored man, but as for giving you the name of the colored man it would be impossible." Here Mrs. Carter said: "Now take hold of the slate," as the writer had relinquished his hold. She then continued repeating the spirit communication: "I am not like most spirits that have a hesitancy of exposing deceptions, for I believe in bringing the guilty to justice, for I was foully murdered at midnight without any provocation on my part. I have since been informed that the colored man walked from Glendale to the city. This is the first time that I have ever been called upon to give an account of my passing away, and I will endeavor, with the assistance of others, to find out the name of the murderer, as requested. You may say that I am Commissioner Ross, of the Exposition of 1882."

The slate was now withdrawn from under the table, and there, as Mrs. Carter opened it, lay the envelope, folded as the writer had folded it, sealed as the writer had sealed it. It was opened and the question read: "Who murdered Ross, the Cincinnati Exposition Commissioner in 1882?"

Cincinnati are familiar with the crime referred to. Toward the close of 1882, Mr. Arthur Ross was found murdered near his home at Glendale early one Sunday morning. The author or authors of the crime never were discovered.

## THE BALDWIN MURDER.

The third and last envelope was now placed between the slates. The crime which the question related to is well known.

"Yes, Harry Baldwin was murdered by a woman; but let the dead past bury its dead." Here Mrs. Carter withdrew the slate and read the above, adding that the slate was full, but the sentence would be completed.

## A MATERIALIZATION.

"Please throw your handkerchief under the table," said Mrs. Carter to the lady. She did so, and in perhaps ten minutes she was asked to take it up. It had been twisted into a wreath and tied with four knots. "It was done by your spirit sister," said Mrs. Carter, "and is emblematic of a wreath, or a life celestial that endureth forever." "I shall keep it as long as I live," was the reply.

Mrs. Carter is described by her friends as a modest, domestic lady, not seeking notoriety nor courting publicity. Her mediumistic powers have been so often affirmed and as frequently disputed that an uncolored sketch of one of her exhibitions by some one not in sympathy with Spiritualism nor yet too skeptical to be just or impartial, will be of interest to all interested in the matter. The writer does not undertake to explain Mrs. Carter's achievements with the slate. Mrs. Carter would not commit herself to any explanations of her powers, simply saying that she was as much in the dark as any one could be.—(Cincinnati Equivocal, November 18, '88.)

When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature.—Sidney Smith.

## Smiling Acquaintance.

"Oh! Mamma," said a little boy of four years, rushing eagerly into the presence of his mother, "I've got acquainted with the little boy that's moved into the house next door!"

"Have you?" replied the mother. "You have been playing together then?"

"No," replied the boy, "but there's a hole in the fence, and I smiled through it at him, and he smiled back again; so we are acquainted, ain't we?"

How inconsistent to dream of reforming a region of country, and yet shrink from the idea of reforming one man.—Balzac.

Never was there yet a leader of the people who did not feel with them as they feel.—"All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

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